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THE NEW

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

THE crisis of last week-end has passed—but there are other week-ends ahead, and Hitler's intentions are as uncertain and incalculable as ever. Herr Henlein has had a conversation with M. Hodza, the Czech Premier, but when discussion of the new Minorities proposals are to be resumed no one knows. That, like so much else, depends on Hitler's state of mind. In the meantime the Germans are not attempting to calm the atmosphere. They are abusing the British Government for its intervention—though in terms that show, if we interpret them correctly, resentment at a check rather than preparation for a renewal of threats. The Nazi press accuses the Czechs of bad faith and alleges violations of the frontier. These the Czechs are hastening to counteract by careful provisions which should prevent any Czech aeroplane passing over the German territory. There are also discussions in progress for the provision of neutral observers in the Sudeten German areas to lessen the chances of incidents during the coming elections. The German demand that, in view of the withdrawal of Nazi troops from the frontier, the Czechs should withdraw the reserves they called up last Saturday puts the Czechs on the horns of a dilemma. If they refuse this demand, they will be accused of provocation. If they accede to it, it will weaken their ability to maintain internal order in the elections and increase the danger of incidents. The main hope now is that the continuous initiative of the British and French Governments—and the improved though still uncertain attitude of the Poles—will prevent Hitler from risking a plunge into war.

The Far East

Reports of the fighting in the Far East are again confused and contradictory. The Japanese claim to be advancing in force from Suchow in a westerly direction towards Changchow on the main Peking-Hankow railway, and driving the Chinese troops before them. Another column appears to have crossed the Yellow river to the west of Changchow. Earlier in the week the Chinese were reported to be making a counter-attack farther north, and threatening the Japanese rear by an offensive movement on Peking. Whatever may be the truth in all these reports, and however this or that engagement may turn out, there is no sign of any decisive victory for either side. Nobody—least of all the Japanese general staff—doubts China's power of resistance, though Hitler's recall of the German military advisers may embarrass the Chinese Government. These experts, who have been at their task for nearly ten years, have played a very important part in the organisation and training of the Chinese armies, and it seemed a little odd (and to the Japanese

something more than odd) that they should have been left at their posts after Japan had been included in the Berlin-Rome axis. But it is by no means certain that they will all obey the call of the Führer. There is reason to believe that some of them would rather be living lions in China than dead dogs in Germany.

Mañana

There is very little change to record in the situation in Spain. There has been talk—but as yet it has been nothing more—of a new rebel push on Castellon and Valencia. Franco's bombers have done some more wholesale killing and destruction in air raids, besides sinking another British ship, the *Thorpehill*, outside Valencia. The Government troops have taken the offensive on the northern front, and in an engagement near Lerida it is reported that 29 rebel aeroplanes were brought down, with a loss of only three on the Government side. A minor incident has been a surprise attack by a small Republican force on a fort near Almeria and the liberation of 300 prisoners. There are further rumours, too, of a growing anti-Franco movement in Pampeluña. It is pretty plain in all the circumstances that Franco's and Mussolini's hopes of a speedy and crushing victory are not going to be fulfilled—and in consequence that there is no present prospect of the Anglo-Italian agreement coming into operation. According to the *Times*' correspondent at Hendaye, the Spanish rebels are quite content to bide their time, "to argue *mañana* and conduct their war in their own fashion." But it is a matter of urgency to the Duce, without whose support Franco could hardly conduct his war at all.

The Revolt in Mexico

General Cedillo's attempt to raise the standard of rebellion in his pocket-State of San Luis Potosi appears to have been a fiasco. With the exception of the Attorney to the Minister of Agriculture, who resigned as a gesture of loyalty to his former chief, the leading politicians and Governors of States, including those suspected of conservative leanings, hastened to proclaim their fidelity to the Constitution. With the support of the army and the backing of the powerful (and partially armed) Confederation of Labour, President Cardenas remains master of the situation. His position seems unlikely to be menaced by any popular counter-revolutionary movement which does not secure foreign assistance. The oil interests have indignantly denied the President's allegations that they have been engaged in fomenting sedition, and it is certain that Washington would frown on any movement to overthrow the Mexican Government by force. Washington will not give Cedillo the encouragement once given to Carranza. The most serious problems confronting President Cardenas are economic. The country is short of capital for development. Can the President, now that he has quarrelled with the oil companies, obtain capital from the United States on terms politically tolerable to his supporters?

General Hertzog's Victory

The result of the general election in South Africa was a handsome victory for the Government—a far bigger victory indeed than anyone would have prophesied at the dissolution a month or two ago. The Nationalists and the Dominion Party gained a few seats, but the two Dominionite leaders were defeated, and General Hertzog comes back with a clear majority of 72. This is a remarkable result for a Government after five years in office and confronting an aggressive opposition which seemed to be making headway in the country. But, as the event proved, the reactionary Nationalist programme was more than commonsense and decency could stomach. There have been one or two casualties on the Government side, and some reconstruction of the Cabinet will be necessary. Later, no doubt, we may expect more important changes of personnel, for the Prime Minister is an old man, and General Smuts, his second in command, is ageing. No change of policy, naturally, is to be looked for, since the majority of the 2,000,000 or so Whites in the Union are content, and the 6,500,000 Natives have no effective means of expressing their discontent.

The Strikes in Jamaica

On the heels of the serious industrial troubles in Trinidad and Barbados comes an even more extensive strike movement in Jamaica. Warned by the fate of his colleague in Trinidad, who was censured for lack of "firmness," the Governor of Jamaica is presumably interpreting the will of the home Government as requiring him to be at all costs "firm" in the suppression of the disturbances, however real and insistent the grievances which lie behind them may be. That the grievances are real no one seems to deny. Wages are desperately low. Housing conditions, in Jamaica as in Trinidad, are almost incredibly bad, most of the company houses having no furniture, no windows, no water and no provision for lighting. A few progressive concerns have done something to raise standards; but their example has not been followed. The colonial Governments—and the Colonial Office—have done nothing. The West Indies plead poverty; their sugar cannot compete with Cuba's, and so on. But Trinidad's oil is remunerative, and so are Jamaica's bananas. Nor, when the companies and planters were making very high profits, did they ever bethink them of raising local standards, or improving the home market in order to provide against a possible decline in exports. The West Indies finally liquidated slavery in 1838; but in 1938 they appear to stand for ruthless colonial exploitation in its most unqualified forms. As even the *Times* points out, the responsibility is Great Britain's. We allowed the slaves to be imported; we required their legal emancipation; and it now rests upon us to clear up the revolting conditions which our past sins of commission and omission have produced.

The Labour Bill in Congress

President Roosevelt's labour code may after all find its way to the Statute Book under the auspices of the existing Congress. The House of Representatives has voted by a very large majority to remove the Wages and Hours Bill from the control of the "Rules Committee," which had blocked it by refusing the allocation of the time required for its discussion. This does not mean that the Bill will certainly pass; it will be subjected to powerful obstruction from both Republicans and conservative Democrats. But it will now be discussed, and public opinion will be given a greatly improved chance of mobilising in its support. In effect, last week's Supreme Court decisions

on the side of the Wagner Labour Relations Board have considerably strengthened the hands of the Congress supporters of a labour policy favourable to the Trade Unions; and Congress may fear to reject a measure which is not only backed by the Administration, but has behind it a section of the electorate which may well play a decisive part in the forthcoming election campaign. If the Bill does pass, it is likely to make a really big difference. The establishment of legal wage-standards in the Southern States will give a very powerful fillip to Union organisation, and the erosion of Northern industries by low-wage Southern competition will be checked, if not altogether stopped. The C.I.O., which stands wholeheartedly behind the Bill, will reap the principal benefit.

The New French Decrees

The Daladier Government has now produced a further batch of decrees designed to promote industrial revival. Most important of these are the decrees introducing greater elasticity into the working of the forty-hour week. One decree enables employers to work extra days in order to offset statutory holidays; and another authorises, subject to the consent of the Ministry of Labour, the working of additional shifts, or of longer hours, in industries or establishments in which work is in arrears and there is a shortage of skilled labour. It is one of the paradoxes of the French labour situation that a shortage of skilled labour in certain trades coexists with a large volume of unemployment. In order to remedy this, special training schemes for juvenile workers are to be introduced. The new decrees also include a three-year programme of public works, for which the local authorities are being asked to find nearly half the money, and also a scheme for the provision of capital at low interest rates for firms which desire to modernise their equipment. But none of the measures goes very far; and it seems as if the Daladier Government were still preparing to avoid major difficulties and to rely on its manipulation of the currency for the recall of French capital from abroad and the resumption of economic activity. At present France is in the curious position of having both an undervalued currency and a surplus of imports—a situation possible only because political and economic factors are persistently pulling opposite ways.

The State of Trade

Mr. Stanley, in the debate on the Board of Trade vote this week, was no longer able to deny the fact of industrial recession, as he was doing a few months ago. He had further to express his disquietude at the size of the adverse balance of trade during the early months of this year, though he did his best to minimise the seriousness both of the slowing down of production and of the unfavourable position in the exporting industries. Of course, the truth is that the recession in the United States has caused a heavy decline in American purchases of goods both from Great Britain and from the primary producers who are buyers of British products. British exports have therefore fallen off, whereas imports have been held up by the cumulative growth of armament activity. The Far Eastern situation has further depressed exports; and accordingly the adverse balance of trade has mounted a good deal higher than it did last year. As peace in the Far East looks a long way off, the principal hope of early recovery depends on the United States. An American revival would at once increase American demand for British goods and expand the purchasing power of other customers of British industry. Failing that, economic activity in Great Britain, despite armaments, seems certain to slip back a good deal further during the next few months, and there is every prospect of a real slump by 1939.

Business as Usual

That Mr. Chamberlain would decline to listen to the advocates of the immediate establishment of a Ministry of Supply for the Defence Services was a foregone conclusion after the debate in the Lords on Monday. In refusing a proposal put forward by Lord Mottistone on these lines, the Marquess of Zetland argued that Sir Thomas Inskip's Department was already doing all that could be done by way of co-ordinating supplies, unless the Government decided to put the country on a war-time footing and subordinate all interests to the exigencies of rearmament. This plea, which Mr. Chamberlain repeated on Wednesday, is not entirely convincing. It is arguable that the committee system evolved by the three Defence Departments for their relations with capitalist industry is cumbersome, dilatory and pregnant with red tape, which a strong, centralised Supply Department might avoid. But the prime motive behind the Government's disinclination to set up a Ministry of Supply is intelligible. If such a Ministry were to deliver the goods more rapidly than at the mediocre rate achieved by Sir Thomas Inskip and the Imperial Defence oligarchy, it would have to wield something like the plenary powers of Mr. Lloyd George's Ministry of Munitions. That is, it would have to be able not merely to compel manufacturers to give priority to munitions contracts—and in their case profits need not thereby be forfeited—but also to regiment labour and ride rough-shod over Trade Union rules to an extent which the Unions would tolerate only under the compulsion of an extreme national emergency, and in pursuance of a policy which they wholeheartedly endorsed. Neither of those two conditions has yet been realised.

No Air Inquiry

Deserted in this issue by Mr. Winston Churchill, the Opposition failed on Wednesday, as was to be expected, to persuade the Government to institute an Air Inquiry. The Prime Minister's argument that new brooms had been set to work in the Air Ministry, and that they must not be distracted from the job in hand by inquests on the past, won general acceptance in Parliament—and probably in the country. In his claim, however, that the R.A.F. is "one of the most formidable fighting machines in the world," Mr. Chamberlain failed to give a complete answer to critics of the Air Ministry's performance. Nobody supposes that the British air force is negligible; but Dr. Dalton's arraignment of delays in delivery of machines, deficiencies in components and lack of efficiency on the supply side—not excluding the question of anti-aircraft artillery—was impressive.

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THE CHANCE OF PEACE

ON Monday Mr. Churchill said that "if the present crisis passed and war was averted—as he believed it would be—it would be due to a rudimentary and emergency form of collective security." As a statement of fact this is not likely to be denied by anyone whether isolationist, pacifist, imperialist or supporter of a collective system. That war was close last week-end no one doubts. Whether Germany intended immediate invasion we do not know; but that "incidents" were being fostered, troops being moved for purposes of intimidation and the mind of the German people prepared for a *putsch* in Czechoslovakia is certain. Hitler runs true to form; he has evolved a technique of intimidation and repeats it until in the end it betrays him. The tone of the German press towards the Czechs and the unfounded allegations about rioting and the terrorisation of the Germans in Bohemia were closely parallel with the psychological preparation for the seizure of Austria. The difference was this. Whereas in the case of Austria resistance was impossible and only desired by part of the population, in Czechoslovakia a *putsch* would have meant war. The Czechs would have fought; they would have received help, at least in the air, from the U.S.S.R., and France would certainly have mobilised. Therefore, the best chance of peace was for the British Government to do what it did do—to tell Hitler plainly that in such a war Britain could not be neutral. The result was a halt in Berlin, and the withdrawal of German troops from the frontier.

The all-important question is what can be done with this, perhaps very short, breathing space. That depends no doubt partly on the continued wisdom of the Czechs and the mediating Powers; it depends far more on the incalculable factor of Hitler's psychology. It seems clear that he had counted on British complacence: what will be his reaction to what he apparently regards as a sudden and almost treacherous change in the attitude of the British Government?

Here is the crux of the position. Hitler can obtain, without war, everything that a reasonable man could desire—and perhaps more than that—on behalf of the Sudeten Germans. Everything will be done by the British and French to urge the Czechs, if that were necessary, to hasten that reconstruction of the Czechoslovak State involved in Mr. Hodza's offer of self-government to all minorities in Czechoslovakia; everything, we believe, will be done to avoid incidents that would make an excuse for German intervention. On the other side is certain war and war of the kind which Hitler in *Mein Kampf* and in numerous speeches has always declared that he intends to avoid. The Kaiser, he has told us, made the mistake of fighting with both Britain and Russia against him; the Führer meant to return to the policy of Bismarck, avoiding by promises and by threats a strong combination of possible enemies and advancing at the expense of one neighbour after another. We may be sure that in the circumstances the advice of Hitler's staff will be to hold off when he sees this combination against him and to proceed by the safer methods of economic penetration and propaganda. They will urge that German preparations for war are still far from complete; that Germany still lacks important raw materials; that the officer *cadre* is still inadequate and the number of trained non-commissioned officers far too small; that Austria is not yet digested, its army and population not yet fully incorporated into the Reich, and that the serious hitches in the advance of the mechanised units into Vienna showed that mass production in the heavy industries has been speeded up beyond the limits of efficiency. Confronted with the combined resistance of the democratic Powers, and with Poland (whose attitude is crucial) at least a dubious factor, Hitler, one would think, must regard these arguments as sufficient deterrents to violence. We hope that they will prove so. We cannot be sure, because Hitler's mind is incalculable. He has boasted that he proceeds as a somnambulist and since his triumph in Austria he declares, with far more certainty than before, that he is led by God. No one can tell how far the divine prompting is conditioned by the advice of the General Staff.

We must hope and assume that considerations of prudence will induce him to return to the safer tactics of pressure and penetration, that he will instruct Henlein to negotiate, and that the next two week-ends in which these unwise and dangerous elections must take place, will pass without disaster. In that case, a new and rather better situation will have been reached. It will be better, however, only if some use can be made of the check to Germany to avert such crises in the future. For there cannot be many such crises without war. Events on the Continent move with a bewildering rapidity that was unknown to Europe before 1914, but the analogy between the crisis of to-day and those between 1908 and 1914 is instructive enough. In 1908, Austria annexed Bosnia-Herzegovina and the coup passed without war just as Hitler's annexation of Austria has passed without war; in 1911, Germany was checked by a threat of war, and in a series of crises during the Balkan wars of 1912–3 British mediation was a matter of general congratulation. Then came the 1914 crisis in which war was not avoided. So, if affairs are allowed to rest on the basis of a threat, it will be again to-day; Hitler may withdraw this week-end and the next; he may decide to wait for a more favourable opportunity. But if each crisis is only a postponement and each is followed, as pre-war crises were, by an increase in armaments and a more violent display of temper, then we have only gained a few more days of life without advancing one step nearer to peace.

It follows, if we are given this short breathing space, that we must avoid any boasts of a diplomatic victory and equally avoid the state of mind that assumes that war is inevitable and that the only value of a breathing space is a few more months in which to increase our armaments. Hitler will increase his too—and faster than we increase ours. Nor should we fall back on the hope of finding more allies, though it will follow, naturally, as a result of British initiative that wavering Powers will show more readiness to join the "democratic bloc." Mr. Chamberlain, indeed, is at the moment in the strange position of a statesman who has deliberately repudiated the doctrine of collective security and who now finds himself driven by circumstances into leadership of a group of democratic Powers with whose support he would willingly have dispensed. But if this rally to the democratic side is only regarded as an increase of strength for a defeat of Germany in war, little will be gained. The object of every sane man is to avoid war; to turn our attention to winning a war is a policy of despair. Mr. Chamber-

lain was quite right when he said that war would mean universal catastrophe, in which there would be no victors. Its result, like its duration, is incalculable; it is no more likely, for instance, to lead to general Communism, than to general gangsterism and complete social disintegration.

Can anything be built upon this "rudimentary form of collective security"? What have we gained? We have gained at once a better chance of defence against Hitler and of a settlement with Hitler. It may not be much of a chance, but it is the only one left us. To make approaches to Hitler, as our statesmen have done in recent years, without the solidarity of the democratic forces behind them was to misunderstand Nazi psychology. Hitler listened, deduced that he would meet with no opposition from Britain and proceeded on his expansionist path. To-day, momentarily checked, he may listen with more attention. If war is the price of overcoming his economic difficulties by annexation, he may take notice of alternative suggestions. The essential point is that Britain and France have the opportunity at last of taking the initiative. If they use it, if they can persuade Hitler to talk, he is less likely to fight. It is hard even for a Fascist dictator to make war when his potential enemies are announcing clear and constructive proposals in a voice loud enough even to penetrate Fascist censorship. For things do seep through even in Nazi Germany. Britain can take the lead, indicating that she is prepared, in the whole of her non-self-governing Empire, to throw its resources open on a basis of equality to the whole world, to undertake to refrain from embargoes or restrictions upon the export of raw materials and to offer equality of trading rights, to throw open the Ottawa arrangements and to build with any Powers that will come in a system of States that co-operate economically. One certain result of such a policy would be to strengthen immensely that block of democratic powers which Mr. Churchill envisages primarily as a unit for military defence; if such a block constitutes an economic as well as strategic unity, its power of resistance and cohesion will be far greater.

That in itself would be a great step forward and a further warning to Hitler of the danger of aggression. But it would also deprive him of that "moral" asset that weighs so heavily on his side, not only in Germany but in many wavering countries. The German public would not understand, or even at first be permitted to know of, the changes made in the world and the opportunity of economic freedom offered them; but an initiative of this kind could not be kept wholly secret and it would have its effect in gradually breaking down the psychology of encirclement which Hitler has so carefully built up. Hitler, it will be said, would listen to none of this, he would continue to prefer conquest and unilateral action to any offer of economic advantage which involved co-operation? Perhaps. He may be as far from sanity as that, and it may even be that none of those in his entourage are strong enough or sane enough to induce him to modify his outlook. Even so, he could not fail to see that the democratic Powers were less "decadent" and more capable of initiative and of resistance than he thought them. It will be said that it is too late. That is a defeatist cry which ought not to be accepted; the democratic Powers have not yet abandoned their exclusive imperialisms and offered Germany a sane opportunity of co-operation. It will not be too late, if we can act quickly.

THE BRESSEY PLAN

FOR twenty years now, in face of a volume of road traffic which has grown almost without interruption from year to year, we have muddled along with the problem of road construction, almost as helplessly as our ancestors muddled along with a very similar problem—albeit, of course, on a very different scale—throughout the eighteenth century. Then as now, the roads of Great Britain were being required to carry a volume and a type of traffic for which they had not been designed and were manifestly unsuitable. And our ancestors attempted, as we are attempting in our turn, to deal with the growing problem by piecemeal measures, with the consequence that, over the greater part of a century, improvements lagged behind advancing needs, and the net result was a worsening instead of a progressive solution.

In the end, first canals and then railways came to the rescue of our forefathers, by diverting from the roads a large proportion of the rapidly increasing traffic. But it seems highly improbable that we can look for any similar relief. The aeroplane is the only new competitor of the road vehicle; and even the most enthusiastic advocates of civil aviation hardly expect it to have any considerable effect upon the volume of road traffic. At all events, it can do nothing to relieve the worst part of our difficulty—urban congestion, both in the centre of great towns and, to a growing extent, wherever a main road passes through a developed area of narrow streets.

We have attempted to deal with our problem by piecemeal methods, and mainly by the improvement of existing thoroughfares rather than the creation of new ones. Usually it seems cheaper in the short run to improve an existing road than to make a quite new highway. Usually there is more support from the vocal sections of the public and—what is practically even more important—much less opposition. It is easier to secure the co-operation of local authorities for fragmentary schemes of road widening or improvement, or at most the making of short lengths of by-pass, than for more drastic plans involving new construction. Tradesmen, influential in municipal affairs, are slow to learn that they will not be ruined, or at all adversely affected, if through traffic ceases to crawl along congested shopping streets, or if the long-distance motorist is enabled to keep clear altogether of as many towns as possible. Local bodies are reluctant, in face of purely local needs, to play a part in schemes which are essentially national and involve the collaborative action of a host of bodies. Something has been done to lessen this difficulty by making a beginning, outside the great towns, with a system of national roads under the direct authority of the State. But it is only a beginning; and over a large part of the country the problem of urban congestion, actual as well as prospective, remains almost untouched.

London, naturally, presents the problem in its most extreme form. It has the largest proportion of private car-owners to population of any of our cities. It is a great port, teeming with commercial vehicles. And it is not only the actual home of one-fifth of the total population of England and Wales, but also the road Mecca of a considerable portion of the remaining four-fifths. Its big central area is closely built up, with a street system—or lack of system—utterly unsuited to modern traffic; and it has been growing much faster than the rest of the country in number of inhabitants, and much faster still in the area over which continuous building extends. Away from the centre, a few important new arterial roads have been made, connecting some distance out with the old main roads leading to the provinces. But already it is being found that these new routes terminate too near to London, which spreads out in pursuit of them at a pace unthought of when they were planned. Ribbon-development and the growth of dwellings and shopping centres along them are rapidly converting them into urban roads which need by-passing in their turn; and most of them end, at their London termination,

in densely packed streets which cannot possibly be so improved as to carry the increasing volume of traffic without intolerable delays and very considerable danger to life and limb.

The "Highway Development Survey" just published by the Ministry of Transport deals only with the traffic problems of Greater London. In this extraordinarily important document, Sir Charles Bressey, with the collaboration of Sir Edwin Lutyens, lays down in outline a Thirty-Year Plan for the remodelling of London's roads. The Plan falls in effect into two closely related sections, dealing respectively with the provision of facilities for through traffic across the central area and with the making of more effective routes from the improved centre across the growing wilderness of Outer London. Of these two sections, the first evidently provides the essential basis; for what will it profit to make better ways of getting to the edge of Central London unless we also provide adequate means of crossing the congested area? More arterial roads, without better ways across the centre, will speedily bring the traffic of Central London to a condition of quasi-immobility, which will be remediable only by the Procrustean device of refusing to let Londoners use their own streets even for their fully legitimate business.

In comparison with what has been attempted hitherto, the Bressey Plan is ambitious. It is even revolutionary; for it involves not only the making in Central London of a large number of quite new roads, carried in many cases for considerable distances on viaducts or in tunnels, but also the pulling down and complete replanning of extensive areas of intensively built-up land. It is very nearly true that since the falling in of Crown leases well over a century ago made possible the replanning of the Regent's Park and Regent Street area, there has been no considerable redevelopment of Inner London—apart, that is, from street widenings and purely local new creations such as Kingsway. The Bressey Plan proposes that, over the next thirty years, we should deal with a good many parts of London on lines as ambitious as those of the "Regent" scheme. The map of Inner London which illustrates it shows a criss-cross of new routes, based only in part on existing streets, providing through ways north and south of Wandsworth Bridge, Battersea Bridge (with a tunnel under Kensington Gardens), Blackfriars Bridge (by-passing King's Cross and the Elephant), Rotherhithe Tunnel and Blackwall Tunnel (both duplicated for one-way traffic), and Woolwich, where a tunnel is recommended rather than a high-level bridge or a barrage.

East and west the Plan involves, besides the completion of the South Circular and the North and South Orbital Roads, a direct connection right across Central London between Eastern Avenue and Western Avenue, an extension of the Embankment route to Putney Bridge at one end and the Tower at the other, so as to link up with the Great West Road and provide access to roads running from the City east and north, an alternative route south of Oxford Street from Park Lane to Holborn, and a host of other improvements which, taken together, would probably at the least halve the time in which Central London could be crossed with safety.

Inevitably, projects of this order involve extensive demolition and replanning. They could hardly be carried out if each surface owner were allowed to retain individual possession of his own patch of land. Accordingly, following the precedent of the Enclosure Commissioners of the eighteenth century, the Plan proposes that, in each affected area, all the land-owners' rights should be pooled, and new sites allotted out of the pools in accordance with the requirements of the new layout of streets and open spaces. The alternative, of course, would be for the State, or the L.C.C. or other appropriate local body, to acquire by compulsory purchase the entire area scheduled for redevelopment; but this alternative is not considered—doubtless because it would be ruled out by the present Government, under whose auspices the Bressey Plan has been prepared. It is a part of Sir Charles Bressey's defence of the "pooling" proposal that it would not involve the disappearance of private ownership. But it is not indicated what advantages private ownership of central urban land is supposed to possess, to compensate for the many and obvious disadvantages which it must have wherever extensive re-planning is required.

Sir Charles Bressey does, however, stress the need for prompt use of town-planning powers and of powers to control rebuilding and ribbon development in the case of schemes which may not be executed for some time to come. Every year, he points out, creates new obstructions in the way of an effective road system; and steps ought to be taken at once to secure the reservation of adequate land for new highways and for the prevention of undesirable building in their immediate neighbourhood, in accordance with the ultimate requirements of a long-term plan. To do this now will cheapen the subsequent execution, and avoid the necessity for further diversion of routes on account of recent building. In addition, Sir Charles Bressey argues that, in the long run, it is likely to be cheaper to plan quite new routes than to continue, at rapidly growing cost, to adapt existing roads—even apart from the point that adaptation often involves the pulling down of buildings of historic interest or, in the outer areas, wholesale destruction of trees and the conversion of beautiful, though unsuitable, lanes into unsightly main roads.

The collaboration of Sir Edwin Lutyens in the Bressey Plan has ensured that attention to questions of beauty and amenity which is so often missing in purely engineering projects. Doubtless, any plan of highway development needing many years for its execution is bound to be extensively modified; for, as Sir Charles Bressey fully admits, the course of urban growth cannot be at all accurately foreseen, and no one "planner" can hope to have envisaged all the local difficulties. But, in general, the Bressey Plan appears to be well worthy of adoption; and, in principle, we should like to see it endorsed without delay—especially in respect of its drastic proposals for the replanning of thoroughfares in Inner London.

It may be objected that, even if the population of London continues to expand for some time after population in Great Britain as a whole has become stationary, or even begun to fall, the Bressey Plan is on a wrong basis because it contemplates a continuous expansion of the volume of London traffic. The Bressey assumption (based on figures supplied by the Registrar-General) is that the population of Greater London may exceed ten and three-quarter millions by 1951, and thereafter cease to expand. This means a contemplated increase of about two millions beyond the present total. Even apart from further changes in road-using habits, the Bressey proposals are certainly none too drastic in view of this prospective increase. Indeed, ambitious as the Plan may seem in relation to what has been done or projected up to now, it may well before ten years are out seem all too moderate. At any rate, unless it is accepted and acted on promptly, the necessary developments will certainly have to be carried out later on in face of much greater physical and political difficulties, and at a much higher cost.

A LONDON DIARY

THE Sunday press carried a sensational story that wagons-lits had been reserved to transport women and children connected with the British Embassy out of Berlin. This story has been officially denied and I have no reason to question the denial. But one wonders how the story arose; one would think there must be some basis for Reuter's report. When I read the story two possible explanations occurred to me. On Saturday, the British Ambassador, Sir Nevile Henderson, called three times at the German Foreign Office. The second interview was with Ribbentrop, who expressed great indignation at British "interference." He had, perhaps naturally, taken British complacency for granted and was astonished that the friendly Sir Nevile Henderson should not have persuaded the British Government to accept as final the formal reassurances given to the Ambassador in the morning

about the movements of German troops on the Czech frontier. When for the third time Sir Nevile Henderson pressed his inquiries and spoke very forcibly about Britain's concern and the danger of general war, Ribbentrop is reported to have "gone right up in the air." Was it possible, I asked myself, that someone in the British Embassy was so impressed by Ribbentrop's hectic state of mind that, thinking it wise to provide against all emergencies, he made inquiries about the wagons-lits? More probable, perhaps, is the second explanation, that the story of the wagons-lits was put about by some irresponsible but intelligent person who thought that nothing was so likely to impress Hitler with the seriousness of British intentions as the suggestion that the British had actually got to the point of deciding to move their women, children and domestic animals. It is well known that that is what Britons always do first in any real state of emergency.

* * *

One of the oddest reports this week is the statement which I first saw over Vernon Bartlett's name in the *News Chronicle* that the Germans are sending arms to help the Spanish Government. I have made a number of independent inquiries and have come to the conclusion that Bartlett's information was well founded. It sounds at first an incredible proposition that German arms should help in a war in which German arms, equipment and technicians have been already lavished on the other side. It certainly shows how completely we are back at a state of power politics, with "ideology" counting for less and less and reckless militarism counting for more and more. There are several good political reasons why Germany might now help the Spanish Government. First, Germany wants gold and the Spanish Government can pay in gold. Secondly, keeping Europe embroiled is generally favourable to Hitler's effort to redraw the map according to his own desires. For the Spanish war to continue keeps other countries, especially France, preoccupied and strengthens Germany's hands in Central Europe. Thirdly, and most important, the Anglo-Italian agreement only comes into force—I have always doubted if it ever will come into force—when Italian troops are withdrawn from Spain, which means when, if ever, Franco is victorious and the war is over. Therefore, by supplying the Spanish people with arms and keeping the war going, Germany is indirectly supporting the axis and ditching Britain and France.

* * * *

According to the *Evening Standard* of last Monday, Mr. Lloyd George was informed by Mr. Benes at the Peace Conference that "there were only 1½ million Germans in the area proposed for the State of Czechoslovakia." Mr. Lloyd George, according to the *Evening Standard*, holds that "Czechoslovakia began with a fraud and continued with a persecution." Actually, Mr. Hunter Miller's official diary of the Peace Conference (vol. XIV, p. 214) which provides the verbatim report of Peace Conference discussions, explains and disposes of this story. Mr. Benes made a statement mentioning the areas—Bohemia, Moravia and Austrian Silesia, which could be made a geographical unit, and saying that "according to Czech calculations, there were about 1,500,000 Germans *in Bohemia*." This, notice, was the number for Bohemia only, not for Czechoslovakia as a whole; the official memorandum provided for the Conference by the Committee on New States (*vide* Hunter Miller, vol. XIII, p. 79) correctly gives the number of three million Germans for Czechoslovakia. Harassed and hurried as he was, Mr. Lloyd George may have misunderstood M. Benes, but that was not the fault of the Czechs.

* * *

A curious, but I hope not significant, event took place in a well-known London bookshop on Tuesday of this week. Three men walked into the shop, hung around for some time looking at magazines, and went out without buying anything. The manager wondered what they would be at and looked at a magazine rack which had particularly attracted the men's attention. He found a copy of a new publication called *Query* stamped in two places with the words—"Caution. This is Jew controlled." I hope the effect of this little outrage is to advertise *Query*, which is an excellently produced monthly publication with a new idea behind it. This first issue was devoted to Czechoslovakia and the query was whether there would be war. The general effect of the paper no doubt is to emphasise the Czech point of view, but the German case is not omitted; indeed, Henlein himself appears among a long list of eminent contributors. The next number, is to be devoted to the Jewish question, and Sir Oswald Mosley, I gather, is contributing an article to it. I will not speculate this week about the identity of the people who have adopted this novel means of propaganda. It is the very thin end of a wedge. The thick end would be the effort to blackmail or boycott shops which contain Jewish publications or are run by Jews. I may add that I have no reason to think that this paper is "Jew controlled." The directors are Mr. P. Crichton Stuart and Mr. E. J. Douglass.

* * *

M. Georges Bernanos is one of the most distinguished modern novelists. His *Diary of a Country Priest* was chosen here as the Religious Book of the Month, but I do not know whether his new book, *Les Grandes Cimetières sous la Lune* (Plon), will be translated into English, for large parts of it are concerned with matters unlikely to interest many people outside France. But one section of his book ought to be made known in England. M. Bernanos, who is not only a very devout Catholic but a strong Royalist, was living in Majorca when the Spanish Civil War broke out. And there he remained, an eye-witness, left in peace by the Franco authorities, being known as a good churchman with a Falangist son. His account of the behaviour of the insurgents comes from his direct experience. In Majorca, an island given up to agriculture, there were no Communists to speak of. And at first there were only a few summary executions by the insurgents, largely excited by personal vengeance and generally disapproved. Then an Italian, General Count Rossi, arrived at Palma, declaring that he was bringing the spirit of Fascism. He declared a Crusade—that is to say he organised a Terror—and every day some fifteen or twenty persons were fetched from their homes and shot conveniently close to the cemeteries. Their offence was not Communism. The previous Easter only 14 per cent. of Majorcans had made their Easter communion, and, as a priest said, "So grave a situation justifies exceptional measures." M. Bernanos describes the disgust and consternation spread through the small island as thousand after thousand of its harmless inhabitants were massacred. He also describes the elaborate system by which every man, woman and child above the age of confirmation was invited to fill in a form, giving name and address, with the date and the name of the church where he or she went to his Easter communion. "Do not forget," the form ended, "to place the certificate in the box so that the census list can be completed." There was quickly a queue at every confessional, and only those that were ready to face execution abstained from making their communion. M. Bernanos naturally was appalled by the spectacle of such widespread blasphemy—to a Catholic a confession made without penitence and a communion made without faith are hideously sacrilegious. But the Bishop approved. I believe that Mr. Arnold Lunn, and the other English Catholics who are such enthusiastic propagandists for Franco's "Crusade" are more likely to sympathise on this point with M. Bernanos than with the Bishop. May I invite them therefore to read his book and give their opinion?

* * *

The following extract from an article on "The Times" in the *Hammer* (the oldest German antisemitic newspaper) is quoted in the *National-Zeitung* of Basle (18th May) by its Berlin Correspondent:

> . . . To-day the *Times* belongs to Major J. J. Astor and a member of the Walter family. The power of the Astors is dependent solely

on their money. It is not possible to establish with any degree of certainty whether the Astor family is Jewish or not. In any case it is an unusual English name. Their family coat of arms bears a five-pointed star. . . .

The present editor of the *Times*, G. Dawson, was formerly editor of the *Johannesburg Star*, a Jewish paper for mine owners. His diplomatic correspondent is the Jew, Poliakoff. . . .

* * *

I have in front of me a letter from a Jewish boy who is at school in Italy. He writes to an English friend that he had been unable to write before because he had been kept in prison with a lot of his school-fellows during Hitler's visit to Italy. He says that the school was practically shut down and that he and his comrades lived for ten days with criminals in cells and had very little to eat during the Fuhrer's visit. However, he writes, "the visit has passed and I have to continue my studies with much greater intensity than before."

* * *

A German and a Swiss fell into conversation. The German said: "I'm told that Switzerland has an Admiral! How can that be when you haven't a navy or a coast or an Empire?" The Swiss replied: "Well, you in Germany have a Minister of Justice, haven't you?" CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to W. G. Stein.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Extracts should not be sent without their context. The article or passage should be sent in full with the proposed excerpt marked.

Lord Derby gave a hint to the authorities that the King and Queen wished to counteract the chilliness of a long drive they had had, and the Queen suggested that perhaps some of the fires could be put into use.

This was done, and immediately the King leaned forward towards one, rubbing his hands into comforting warmth, and remarking "How nice!"

It is a phrase worthy of universal adoption by electrical fire manufacturers—the world's greatest tribute—Royal approbation—"How Nice!" It is magnificent in its brevity.—*Wireless and Electrical Trades.*

And to make herself look even more glamorous than she already is she had three white kittens playing on her table.—*Daily Mirror.*

I am no prude, but in these days when male shop assistants have to shop-window-dress female dummies with the flimsiest of "undies"—with people of both sexes and all ages passing in the street—I think the blinds should be decently drawn.—Letter in *John Bull.*

Ruislip-Northwood (Middlesex) air raid wardens are organising a golf tournament at Haste Hill in gas masks.—*Evening Standard.*

The average war pilot is not particular about where he drops his bombs, because ninety-nine times out of a hundred bombing is purely an abstract business and you don't see what you've hit; but I fancy most fellows would jib at shooting down a woman. —*Flying.*

A lady of social position wishes to hire an imposing tiara for one night.—*Times.*

One scene in *The Women* shows a lying-in hospital. Objection is taken to this scene by the Lord Chamberlain's department on the grounds that a woman gives vent to expressions of tedium at the prospect of becoming a mother.—*Evening Standard.*

We have with us again *The Hoghunters' Annual*, a labour of love which gives all the available information of the past season. Its title suggests possibly somewhat dry contents, with columns and columns of informative, but not exciting, statistics; but, in fact, this volume is excellent reading, even to a non-hoghunter, and it is a well-produced and eminently readable publication.—*Times.*

JAPAN'S FAILURE—II

[This article and the one published last week are from a correspondent who is living in North China and has an intimate knowledge of the country]

THE problem of the hinterland is clearly bound up with that of the areas actually occupied; the latter question must be solved in such a way as to make possible a solution of the former. But to restore order and government to the vast areas between the railways requires men, money and sympathy, none of which things the Japanese have. Most important of all, it requires time, a gift which the rapidly moving international scene is not likely to grant. Nor is there any encouragement to be drawn from such precedents as exist. With more favourable conditions in Manchuria, a thinly populated country with no considerable body of dispersed soldiery operating behind the lines, the Japanese are still, after seven years, suppressing "banditry." The problem of the peasantry is not confined to maintaining order, it is more a question of social and economic reconstruction, which the Kuomintang, with all the advantages of a legitimate government commanding the services of thousands of officials, was only beginning to make an impression upon before the Lukouchiao incident. In fact, there are some grounds for believing that if the Japanese had not come in the Government would before long have had to face the possibility of active agrarian revolt in the villages. As it is now, if all Japanese troops were withdrawn to-morrow a Chinese Government would find itself faced with conditions, except for certain areas under the Communists, worse than those of the most terrible civil war years. The breakdown of organised local governments has been accompanied not only by the revival of banditry, but also by the neglect of river conservancy and irrigation, which means flood and famine on a large scale. The Japanese method has done more than put the clock back, it has almost stopped it.

The hinterland is largely a question, for the Japanese, of communications. The more complex the system of physical and intellectual communications the easier it is to use the forces of propaganda and education to consolidate the achievements of military power. In the narrow strips of occupied territory all the usual methods of maintaining political authority in the modern way are employed. But in the hinterland complex communications do not exist. Even before the war the daily press was hardly a factor in the country districts, where 98 per cent. of the Chinese live, for only one person in a thousand received a copy of a daily newspaper. The press, therefore, is not a serious factor as a weapon to win over the villages to the advantages of Japanese rule. Nor is education, unless every town of any importance is garrisoned, for education was largely concentrated in urban centres and textbooks can be changed only under military pressure. The film is equally useless, because the cinema has not yet spread from the big centres of population, and in any case the production of appropriate propaganda films takes time and money. Radio is more important. Before the conflict the Nanking government had encouraged the establishment of receiving sets in the villages, large crowds would listen to the broadcasts from Nanking and other centres, afterwards spreading the news by word of mouth. But this factor, at the moment, is operating against the Japanese, who can interfere with the Chinese broadcasts only to a limited extent. Under these conditions it is extremely difficult to get into contact with the hinterland by means of intellectual communications. And physical communications present even greater problems for troops which depend upon mechanised transport and artillery units. It is no accident that the armies have followed the railways and rarely venture more than a day's trip from their tracks. Up to the present the only news that the hinterland has had of the Japanese is the burning of villages, the raping of women, the seizure of property and the impressment of labour.

In theory, it might be claimed, the Japanese have a choice of two alternatives in relation to the hinterland. One is to

garrison the whole of China, including all the main lines of communication, all the big cities and every country town, a course of action which is possible, but which would certainly strain the resources of Japan to the breaking point. The other is to work through the Chinese, to set up a government in the controlled areas which will command respect, attract able officials and have the means to face the enormous problem of organisation which the hinterland represents. Taken singly neither solution is very promising, but the Japanese are trying to follow both at the same time, and they have yet to realise that the two are mutually exclusive.

To take the second alternative first—the Japanese were aware that there was no lack of opposition to the Kuomintang and they counted on being able to mobilise this in their service. But they mistook the nature of Chinese discontents; they thought that large groups would prefer office under them to no office under Nanking. Twenty years of nationalist education, however, have meant that there is hardly a Chinese below the age of forty who is willing to work for them. Only the decrepit remnants of the old Anfu Party can be discovered to head Japanese created governments, men who have not been heard of for a generation and who are out of sympathy with everything that has been taught in Chinese schools since 1927. There is therefore no civil service on which the Japanese can rely. Again, it is impossible from the Japanese side to permit a Chinese government to have real power, the first condition for its success. Armed forces cannot be withdrawn because there is too much organised opposition, if for no other reason, and there are so many Japanese carpet-baggers expecting white-collar jobs that the civil authorities, even if they secured control, could not allow the Chinese to run their own affairs. It might have been possible as late as twenty years ago, by dealing with local war-lords and occupying a few strategic centres, to maintain Japanese influence over China. Now it is too late. From whom can they expect support? Not from the millions of educated Chinese who have been through the schools since 1927 and who constitute the present civil service; not from the war-lords, for they have disappeared; not from the bourgeoisie, for the economic purposes of Japan are incompatible with the existence of a Chinese owned industry and commerce; not from the Kuomintang, not from the soldiers, who receive no mercy even when they surrender; and not from the peasantry, whose property is destroyed, animals expropriated, and food and services commandeered for military purposes. It is true that the ordinary civil population of peasants and small shopkeepers cannot offer immediate opposition, but it is also true that their support, even if it were given, would be of no great value without that of those who are capable of staffing the administrative organs of state.

The only constructive idea that the Japanese have brought forward to help in the solution of their problem is the Hsin Min Huei. Not that the idea is a new one; it is as old as the class war. The purpose of this organisation, in relation to the problem of the peasantry in the hinterland, is to enlist the conservative gentry of the villages on the side of the Japanese. The lack of communication in rural areas makes the gentry a powerful force, a force which the Kuomintang was compelled to respect. In some places groups of gentry are actually seeking the protection of Japanese bayonets, but most of them have not been allowed to take advantage of this, for there is enough organisation of resistance, either by spontaneous groups or by the Eighth Route Army, to make it impossible for the gentry who have not already fled to the Japanese occupied areas to get away. And the longer the Japanese wait before they tackle the hinterland the more difficult will their problem be. This is apparent to anyone who has visited the areas away from the railways. It is quite easy to take a cart or bicycle from a town on the Peking-Hankow railway and set off into the countryside unchallenged until one meets a Communist sentry. Then for hundreds of miles one finds the towns and villages organised on a war footing, the administration running smoothly, the taxes reasonable, and the Communist organisers getting along perfectly well with everyone from the gentry to the village idiot. As for propaganda, it is mainly nationalist and anti-Japanese; there is nothing about appropriating land or pursuing class war policies, but there is a good deal about the atrocities of the enemy. And these stories of the lust and brutality of the invader, which precede his coming like a great wind, seem to provide the emotional basis for the creation of a peasant nationalism such as China has not experienced before. If a town must fall, all the women except the very aged are removed, and as little as possible is left to be looted. More important still, although it has not been possible to prevent the peasants selling their present stocks of cotton to the Japanese, it is more than probable that there will be considerably less land under cotton next year. An economic blockade of the railways is being added to the constant attacks upon bridgeheads and Japanese garrisons. The hinterland can, if necessary, be almost self-supporting. The Hsin Min Huei therefore is not likely to be a very effective instrument in conquering the hinterland, unless these vast areas are first brought under direct military control. In reality the possibility of ruling through the Chinese does not exist; the Japanese are forced to attempt it only because the alternative is so difficult.

It is possible to imagine direct military control of all the important towns and communications of China. But it is not possible to imagine Japan making profit out of it, as some members of the Diet seem to think they might, by letting the army live on the country. With hundreds of thousands of dispersed soldiers operating in every direction Japanese authority would not extend any further than the range of their own guns; it would take generations before the country could be reduced to order and economic life be restored to pre-war proportions. A thoroughgoing application of this policy would at least offer some prospects of a solution of the problem, even if it meant the elimination of a quarter of the Chinese people. But to attempt to apply the method of armed force and terrorisation together with political devices such as the puppet governments of north and central China and the Hsin Min Huei is to court failure. To call a government supported by Japanese troops Chinese is to make it impossible for any but traitors to join it, while to destroy villages which have given food and shelter to Volunteers or Communists is to do the one thing which will arouse the peasantry to active opposition against the invader. The Japanese have left no middle way between leaving China to be ruled by the Chinese and ruling it themselves at the point of the bayonet. There is no profit for them in either alternative.

TWO WOMEN

Two women, sitting in court at the Casserley trial, took off their hats and began to powder their faces. A policeman at once approached them and told them that they must either put their hats on again or cover their heads with handkerchiefs. I was a little surprised that the incident did not give rise to some sharp comment, for during the present century an increasing number of people have become extraordinarily sensitive about infringements of the liberty to dress as one pleases. I know a man who regarded the Italian conquest of Abyssinia with complete indifference, but whose blood boiled when he heard of an employer's lecturing an office-boy for going to work in summer in a shirt that was open at the neck. What mumblings of discontent there have been, too, in recent years over attempts to limit our right to wear what costumes we like when bathing! The bathing-slip school of thought has passionately assailed the so-called university costume as a symbol of dictatorial tyranny, and there are lovers of liberty who go further and cry: "Away with the bathing-slip!" Women bathers, too, have been in revolt and have loudly demanded the right to wear bathing-costumes worthy of the heiresses to Magna Carta. With Mill on Liberty in their hands, they have nobly defended the seaside beaches of England against the intrusion of Mrs. Grundy.

It is odd that this outbreak of individualism in dress should have occurred at a time when everything is supposed to be becoming more and more standardised, and when it is commonly believed that the popular Press and the wireless have turned us all into slaves, thinking only what we are told to think, doing only what we are told to do. The vision of a Robot world, we have been told by various eminent thinkers, is now well on its way towards fulfilment. The iron of the machine has entered into the soul of man, and we shall have in time no more capacity for thought than machines. I should be more inclined to accept this theory if it were not for the great emancipation movement that has been sweeping the English world in the matter of dress. Here surely is a protest against mechanical convention. The top-hat has already been largely discredited—that supreme symbol of a slavish and mechanised society. Costumes that would have profoundly shocked the conventional Victorians are now worn in public by men and women generally admitted to be respectable. The hiker's shorts may not be beautiful, but at least they are an assertion of a go-as-you-please spirit unknown to our grandfathers. Women have even won the right to wear shorts in the tennis-court. I should not be surprised if by the end of the century they are allowed to enter churches without hats. We are undoubtedly living in revolutionary days. I can foresee a time when the very judges will throw away their wigs and assert their right to dress as comfortably as the prisoner in the dock.

Whether convention in dress is a good or a bad thing, I am uncertain. As a boy, I instinctively hated it; but that is no evidence one way or the other, for I also hated getting up in the morning. Most of all, I think, I hated wearing gloves, that essential symbol of piety on one's way to church on Sunday morning. Next to gloves, I loathed my bowler hat, which, when I wore it on Sunday morning, filled me, not with pious, but with impious thoughts. The whole business of dressing differently on Sunday, indeed, annoyed me acutely. I did not mind going to church, but I hated dressing for church like poison. Later on, when as a youth I found myself a Socialist, I rationalised my hatred of the Sabbatic costume. If there was one day in the week, I told myself, in which the so-called respectable classes should not flaunt their respectability, it was Sunday. Church in my view was a place to which a man ought to be able to go in rags without feeling that he was conspicuous. A newsboy of my acquaintance told me that he never went to church because you couldn't go to church in bare feet, and that seemed to me to be a condemnation of Sabbath observance in matters of dress. After that, I began to dress as badly as I decently could on Sunday. I had begun to shave, but on principle I always avoided shaving before going to church on Sunday morning. I abandoned my bowler for a corduroy cap, and, indeed, strove manfully to promote human equality in my native city. I do not think I ever went so far as to light a clay pipe on the church steps after the service. But at least I never knew any one at the time who thought I looked respectable. I even took to going to funerals in the country in a red tie and tennis-shoes. That, too, was done in obedience to some principle or other—I forget what.

I have long suspected, however, that my principles were to a great extent a matter of self-indulgence. Not to shave on Sundays was to me a real pleasure, for I disliked shaving, and, if there had been any other way of not growing a beard I should never have shaved at all. And, as for being ill-dressed, I liked that, too. I was never a youth who minded having a rip in my sleeve or buttons that did not match on my coat or, indeed, no buttons at all. It is because I realise this that I can never throw myself wholeheartedly nowadays into any protest against conventionality in dress. I am strongly in favour of the younger generation's shaving regularly, and I would have more confidence in a youth whose buttons matched than in a youth on whose overcoat I observed one black button, one pale bone button, one trouser-button and one button missing. He is, I should think, more likely to be regular in his habits and tidy in his ways. People have often derided the care with which soldiers are compelled to look after their uniforms, but this care probably leads to greater efficiency, and I like other people to be efficient.

All dress is to some extent symbolic, and symbols undoubtedly influence the character. The hiker's shorts are symbolic of freedom from office slavery, of a fine temporary tramping liberty. Hence, there is much to be said for wearing them on holidays, but I doubt whether they are suitable for work in the City. Would they not, perhaps, lead to idleness among the ledgers — to happy whistlings and vagrant dreams during hours which should be devoted to mechanical routine? Imagine what would happen if waiters and waitresses were allowed to dress as they please in the restaurants. Their present costume is a symbol of organisation, and, you will usually find that the more care is given to the costume, the better the organisation. There is always the danger that slummockiness in dress will produce slummockiness in work, especially if the work is largely routine. That is probably why mistresses used to insist on their maids wearing caps and aprons—that charming costume against which there has been so widespread a revolt as a badge of servitude. It is a great misfortune that it became associated with servitude, for with its disappearance the world will lose some of its prettiness.

There are some conventions in dress, I imagine, which will never be allowed to disappear. It is difficult to believe in the possibility of an efficient police-force in which every policeman was allowed to exercise as much liberty of choice in regard to his clothes as a journalist. A police-force garbed as variously and as eccentrically as the art-students in the Latin Quarter of the last century would make a poor show at controlling a mob in a street riot. The policeman of to-day, indeed, owes half his confidence to his uniform, and his uniform inspires confidence in others. Dressed for work, he is not only John Smith: he is the Law. The truth is, our clothes make us to a great extent what we are. It is because men instinctively realise this, I fancy, that they have always been so absurdly particular about convention in dress.

Naturally, they go too far. Human beings always do. There was a magistrate, for example, who reproved a solicitor the other day for appearing before him in a grey suit; he said it was not respectful. And the case could not continue till the solicitor disappeared and dressed himself in respectful blue. Even here, however, the magistrate is not to be greatly blamed. Obviously, he looked on the grey suit as the thin end of the wedge, and it is only an exceptional man who can regard the thin end of the wedge with anything but suspicion. "If I let this pass," he must have reasoned, "how can I prevent some other solicitor from appearing in his shirt-sleeves, or even, during a heat-wave, in a bathing costume?" That is how most people argue. Human beings are far too logical.

As for compelling women to wear hats in court, that seems to me to be silly; but all conventions about hats are silly. We take them off in obedience to one convention, and we keep them on in obedience to another, and it all depends on whether we belong to the male or to the female sex. How absurd, and yet how harmless! In the present or any other world situation, I am not sure that it matters. Y. Y.

Correspondence

A.R.P.

SIR,—Government arrangements for A.R.P. go merrily ahead with, apparently, but little consideration of the real dangers of modern aerial bombardment. My recent experiences in Republican Spain lead me to believe that the chief effect of our air-raid precautions will be to lull a very considerable section of the public into a sense of false security. The lives of British people will not, in the vast majority of cases, be saved either by gas masks or by cellar refuges.

There have been no gas attacks in the Spanish war for a very

simple reason. Every explosive or incendiary bomb that bursts in an open town is certain to do irreparable damage, whereas a gas bomb that explodes in the open air may easily do no harm at all. If there is no wind, the gas will go straight up into the air; if there is too strong a wind, it may be quickly dissipated. In any case, it is often several seconds after the bomb explodes before the gas spreads to any extent, which gives people time to get away before serious damage is done.

Enemy aeroplanes must necessarily fly very fast over open towns, for even the most murderous of bombers are anxious to get away with their own lives, and that means that, once the aeroplane is over the town, the bombs must be released more or less at random. Since the desire of the bomber is, naturally, to do as much damage as possible in the shortest time, he will obviously carry those bombs which are certain of being most deadly in their action, and these are not gas but high explosive bombs.

I have seen something of the devastation caused by them. In Barcelona, a single explosive bomb killed more than two hundred people. It fell on the roof of a seven-storied tenement house. The bomb dropped straight through to the basement, where it burst, blowing everyone within range to pieces, and bringing down the entire building like a pack of cards, so that all the inhabitants who were not blown up were brought hurtling down to the ground and crushed or suffocated under hundreds of tons of fallen masonry. Explosive bombs of this kind have been dropped all over Republican Spain, demolishing buildings, great and small, and killing outright almost everyone in the vicinity, as well as inflicting terrible wounds from flying bricks, paving stones and broken glass on all those who happened to be standing within fifty yards of the explosion.

Surely it is obvious that this type of bomb may be dropped in large numbers over London and other great industrial centres. Cellar refuges will not save the people any more than gas masks—indeed, the Spanish people know now that cellars are the most dangerous places possible in which to take refuge in an air raid. High explosive bombs pierce all the floors of any ordinary building, and always burst in the basement. Sometimes a little bit of flooring attached to a wall high up may be left standing, and a person who happens to be there may be alive, but no one in a cellar survives. I saw a baby in a cradle on a jutting-out piece of flooring in the corner of a room on the fourth floor of a building. The baby was alive and unharmed. It was the only survivor of a hundred and twenty children in a Spanish home for war orphans that was demolished by a single bomb.

They have also discovered in Spain that a bomb-proof shelter, to be effective, must have *at least twenty-seven feet of reinforced concrete and earth on the roof.*

In this country, at the instigation of the Government, the local authorities are busy instructing householders how to make their cellars *gas* proof; they are not so far devising means of protecting them from the high explosive bombs.

Added to this, there is a frightful danger of bombs exploding in the roads. Imagine a bomb, powerful enough to pierce through seven floors of a building, dropping in the main thoroughfare of a busy town! Not only will scores of people be blown to pieces, but the water and gas mains, the electric cables and the sewers will be destroyed. The escaping gas will cause terrible fires; the water supply of the neighbourhood will not only be dislocated at the time, but it will become contaminated from the wrecked sewers, and ghastly epidemics of typhoid and diphtheria will break out.

Where explosions of this kind occur in small streets it may be possible to avoid the disasters which follow wrecked pipes by removing the people. But if a bomb destroys the great mains serving a city, the result will be too terrible to contemplate. *And there are places where the main water supply, even to large areas of London, is only a few feet beneath the surface of the road, and in close proximity to the main sewer pipe.*

How is the Government going to protect these and similar danger spots of large towns? Gas masks and mobile fire engines will not save London's water supply, nor the gas mains and sewerage system; and, if they go, it will not need either incendiary bombs to cause unlimited destruction by fire, or gas bombs to poison the people. Hitherto, not one word has been said by the Government about protecting these vital services, and yet they must expect the bombers to penetrate our defences, otherwise it would not be deemed necessary to provide the whole population with gas masks.

It is high time this A.R.P. farce was ended, and the public told the truth they have a right to know. If war comes, ignorance will not prevent panic. The public may be calmed in peace-time by the thought that preparations are being made to protect them from air attack, but the disillusionment and horror of the first bombardment will drive them mad with terror at their helplessness. I can imagine nothing more calculated to cause the most hideous panic.

BARBARA AYRTON GOULD

BRITAIN AND THE U.S.A.

SIR,—I quote from your issue of March 26th: "If British foreign policy in recent years had been expressly directed by Hitler and Mussolini . . . it could scarcely have been more effectively designed to alienate, frustrate, disperse and defeat the contingent goodwill of the American people." To some of your readers this may have seemed an exaggeration. I should like to assure them that it is not. Unfortunately, it is confirmed daily in conversation with intelligent and public-spirited Americans, and by the most cursory perusal of the American press. Sir John Simon's cold shoulder to Mr. Stimson over Manchukuo still rankles. The rejection of American co-operation in the oil sanction over Abyssinia is not forgotten. The British attitude over Spain cannot be understood at all. And there are other aspects of British policy which are more serious because they repel, not only liberals, but almost every newspaper reader in the country. I refer to recent signs of a revival of imperialism in Britain's dealings with the outside world.

Suspicion of British motives on this score began about two years ago, when it seemed to Americans that Ottawa had removed all desire on our part for closer trade relations with the United States. "The British Empire," as one American publicist remarked, "is closing up like an oyster." The delay in starting trade negotiations was damaging, but not fatal, and it is to be hoped that the agreement soon to be concluded will give the most positive proof possible of the genuineness of our desire to reduce trade barriers, outside as well as inside the Empire. More serious, in recent weeks two symptoms of a growing imperialist trend in British policy, one economic and the other political, have produced a very bad impression here. The first is the hectoring attitude of the Foreign Office over the Mexican oil seizures. That Mexico is behaving badly is admitted, and Washington has itself protested. But (1) we are accused (rightly or wrongly) of acting independently of Washington in a matter of common interest concerning a country covered by the Monroe doctrine; (2) the tone of the British notes is felt to afford fresh evidence of the powerful hold supposedly exercised by the City over the Foreign Office With a little care both these suspicions might have been avoided. The second matter is the new British Protectorate in Arabia: "the latest British aggression," "a new colony for England," are typical reactions. Coupled with the coming recognition of the Ethiopian conquest, it is hardly strange that this development should make the Italian agreement appear, not only to liberals, but to the average American, merely another deal between two rival imperialisms.

I have singled out these matters, not because they are by any means the most questionable aspects of British foreign policy to-day, but because they bulk large with American opinion in general, and because they must seem to any Englishman over here evidence of a quite extraordinary unawareness on the part of those in charge in London.

HAROLD BARGER

New York.

BIBLE TEACHING

SIR,—I doubt if many teachers would differ from Critic and from your correspondents, the Barclays, when they deplore that a generation is growing up knowing nothing of Bible history and language. However, to understand how this has come about is to feel much more confident about it for the future. When a small number of so-called new schools were initiated some forty years ago, it was on an impulse—almost entirely emotional—of resistance to an unthinking tradition of harsh compulsion towards children. This resistance to reactionary methods was itself a reaction and there was something of a tendency to refuse, with more feeling than reason, what the orthodox education offered. When the pioneers refused to compel children of tender years to treat the Bible as a text-book in class and a source of pleasantly "smutty" surprises out of class, they were in fact doing better work than they knew in clearing the ground for a reasoned approach to it. Now that a more positive attitude is replacing the re-

actionary impulse of the pioneers, I suggest that you will find that it is in the new schools that an appreciation of the Bible as history and literature will be cradled.

Replying more particularly to the Barclays, may I say that, apart from exceptional individuals, children get little out of the study in school of Shakespeare before the age of about fourteen? To dull the appetite for the real thing with sugar-coated Tales from Shakespeare proves in experience to be an error. The mind must be even more matured by an understanding of historical background before the more squalid adventures of the Old Testament patriarchs can be sympathetically received by children. It is not necessary to induce them to read Shakespeare. They read him because they are surrounded by people who take enjoyment of his works for granted without making them an educational hurdle. They will read the Bible for the same reason now because their teachers, aware that the children run the risk of losing the flavour of half the English classic literature, are themselves turning to the Bible as an indispensable source book for an English education.

ANDREW TOMLINSON

The Beltane School,
Queensmere Road, Wimbledon Common, S.W.19.

SIR,—Mr. and Mrs. Barclay need not fear that they will lose any Bible teaching of any value by sending their children to an Agnostic school. The curious limp version of Cowper-Templerism which goes by the name of "Scripture" in non-elementary schools is exactly what has produced the generation which recognises no phrase out of the Bible, and which actually asked in my presence: "Who was Judas Iscariot?" (Questioner aged fifteen, attending a school of high academic reputation.) What else can you expect, when "Scripture" is the period reserved for knitting, reading *Punch* (if in the back rows) or having a quick look at the next period's prep.? To forestall some critics, may I add that I have no doubt that there are teachers who make of Bible teaching a real and living study—but not many?

Nevertheless, are Mr. and Mrs. Barclay really so helplessly dependent on schools as they sound? I could make a quite reasonable showing in an examination on the Bible—but I did not have it in school. If Mr. and Mrs. Barclay want their children to know their Bible, can they not teach it themselves?

Freeland, Holders Hill Road, MARGARET I. COLE
Hendon, N.W.4.

LABOUR AND THE POPULAR FRONT

SIR,—I would not intervene in this discussion were it not for the fact that two vital considerations appear to have escaped all your correspondents. These are (1) that in the very nature of the present world situation Liberal leadership will collapse on the crucial issue of Fascism in the crises that are likely to arise in the near future; (2) that the tendency of British Capitalism to incline towards Fascism rather than Socialism is fatal and indeed suicidal, in consequence of which propaganda ought to be directed not to bolstering up an unstable Popular Front, but to laying the foundations of the only unity that will stand the test of coming events.

(1) It is surely germane to this discussion to note the rocks upon which the Liberal Party has foundered from time to time during the last 25 years. Without question those rocks have been, when stripped of camouflage, class interest and privilege. 1931 was the occasion of the last big Liberal shipwreck, and although there were a few survivors of the storm, the fact remains that half the Party have faithfully supported not only the National Government's policy of economic nationalism, but its pro-Fascist international policy as well. It is now contended that Liberalism will be of assistance in saving the country from war and Fascism. Are we quite sure? The events of the last few years have demonstrated that the issue of the class struggle has taken precedence over Imperialism, and that in order to uphold the Fascist regimes both in Europe and the Far East the National Government is prepared to jeopardise imperial interests.

Furthermore, Fascism will only become a danger in this country during either a war or a trade slump. In either case, especially in view of the situation in Europe, the determining factor will be the class struggle, in which case the vested interests, including the majority of wealthy Liberals will, as in 1931, stand by class privilege and side with Fascism. It is fatal to overlook the fact that the issue of the Popular Front is closely linked up with the issue of the class struggle.

(2) If British Capitalists had the courage to face facts they would realise that their own no less than the nation's ultimate good would best be served by Socialism, and that Fascism was fatal to both. Ten minutes clear thinking ought to convince anyone possessing even a fragmentary knowledge of history and human nature that democracy is as essential to civilisation as are air and light to physical existence. That being so, no corporative system of society, whatever its colour, can be final. Hence there awaits every totalitarian State a more or less lengthy period of revolution, social upheaval and terror.

It is also of importance to observe that totalitarianism, whether of the Right or the Left, invariably ends in the most rigid centralised State control in every department of national life—religious, political, financial and economic. It is not generally realised in this country that the most highly centralised, State planned and controlled country in the world to-day, outside Russia, is Germany, and next to Germany, Italy. As time goes on, the Nazi regime has far more trouble with its Right wing than with its Left.

Totalitarianism threatens the whole world to-day. Should there be a world war it would spread as a matter of course to every country which participated in that war. It is probably true to say that modern conditions necessitate national economic planning in every country, just as they demand international economic co-operation. But why be driven by war and revolution to totalitarian forms of national planning, especially when they are bound to be followed by almost endless revolution and terror? Why not carry out our national planning voluntarily and democratically? That is the one great achievement still within our power. It may even be that Britain is the only Great Power which can possibly escape totalitarianism. If that should be so, its one hope of escape is in the early coming of a Labour Government which boldly adopted a policy of socialist national planning, and simultaneously a policy of international economic co-operation. By that means it would escape both war and revolution, since a courageous attempt to bring justice into international relations would unite into a mighty organic whole the best elements in all the countries of the world, including the workers, and by thus taking away all occasion for aggressive war cut the ground from under the feet of the Fascist dictators.

On no other basis can I see the possibility of any Popular Front surviving the crises which loom on the political horizon to-day.

12 Victoria Avenue, WILFRED WELLOCK
Quinton, Birmingham.

LABOUR PARTY CONFERENCE

SIR,—There is a general feeling in the ranks of the Labour Party that it is anomalous and unfortunate that this year should pass without a meeting of its Conference. The conspiracy against Spanish democracy is so grave a threat to peace and to freedom, that it may well call for tactics and methods of action which the Party is not at present mandated to adopt. The Executive is known to be divided on this issue. We venture, therefore, to suggest that every Divisional Party which feels the need for more effective action for Spain should without delay record its demand for an Emergency Conference. To avoid the dissipation of effort, will secretaries be good enough to forward the briefest intimation of their assent to this request to the Secretary of the Labour Spain Committee at the address below?

24 Lupton Street, H. N. BRAILSFORD
London, N.W.5. J. COLE

THE EMPIRE EXHIBITION, GLASGOW

SIR,—It is refreshing to come across such a thorough-going grouser as Mr. Raymond Mortimer. Nothing seems to have been right on his trip to the Glasgow Exhibition—the railway fare, the third-class seats, the dining car halibut, the Gothic hotel, its curtains and its charges. However, as a compensation it appears that Glasgow is close to some of the finest scenery in Great Britain—"mountains and loughs (sic) of unsurpassable beauty"—which is consoling from a visitor who cannot think (we agree) that the Exhibition is worth the expense and discomfort of coming from London. The Palace of Art, it seems, is thoroughly disappointing, but we are not informed what Mr. Mortimer expected from a popular Exhibition, and his *obiter dicta* on certain of the painters are as ingenuous as they are illuminating. Still, that he has discovered J. C. Wintour leads one to hope that his journey has not been wholly in vain—despite the hardness of the third-class seats. The exhibits in

the Palaces of Industry come in for some hard knocks, perhaps not wholly unwarranted, but the suggestion that such displays should be entrusted to a Committee like that which arranged the British Pavilion at the Paris Exhibition may well make those who remember that amazing display pause and consider. It is good to know that the Amusement Park amuses, but it is closed on Sundays (like all similar exhibitions in this country), but a week-end perusal of Mr. Mortimer's article should amply compensate for this deficiency. S. R. RICHMOND

THE AMERICAN DEER FLY

SIR,—To repay all the interest E. G. Boulenger has given readers of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION by quibbling about the figures given in his article in the issue of May 21st may seem like ingratitude. Yet I find it impossible to allow his estimate of the speed of the American deer-fly to pass. It is, if I may say so, an essentially American estimate.

This speed of over 800 m.p.h. has been completely discredited. More recent estimates put its maximum at about 25 m.p.h. This was after experiments had been conducted with a model of the fly and after aerodynamical calculations had been made as to drag and power.

No means exist for recording accurately the maximum speed of insects partly because their direction of flight and output of energy cannot be controlled. The most scientific attempt to estimate their speeds of which I have knowledge was made by Demoll (1918), whose results were quoted by R. E. Snodgrass of the Bureau of Entomology, the United States Department of Agriculture, in his paper "How Insects Fly," which was given before the Smithsonian Institution in about 1933. Individual insects were set at liberty in a room lighted by one window and the time recorded for the flight from the dark side to the light. Hawk moths did 15 metres a second. The house fly did 2 to 2.3 metres a second and the bumble bee from 3 to 5.

OLIVER STEWART

SHOP HOURS

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr. Norman, considers the public have been pampered long enough by unnecessary shopping facilities. But in many districts there are workers who leave home early and return after 8 p.m., and many are kept late at work unexpectedly—are they then to be content with cooked meats and confectionery for supper? And in London, at any rate, there is a constant flow of travellers which makes the present shopping restrictions, especially on Sundays, a serious inconvenience. Incidentally, does Mr. Norman think of himself as a pampered member of the public because he can buy papers and drinks and medicinal goods on Sundays, and have a meal out if he wants? It is absurd to think the public can always think ahead. The Government appears to look upon cooked meats as the only foodstuff necessary to the public after 8 p.m. But are they? Other foodstuffs may now be obtained from machines, in necessarily limited quantities, and the machines are not fined; why then fine shopkeepers, who are already open, for serving the same goods?

When Mr. Norman affirms that if he closed when other shops were open his usual customers would go elsewhere during normal shopping hours, I would ask him, and shopkeepers of similar views, whether they have ever put their theory to the test. Surely regular custom depends on the personality of the shopkeeper and the quality of his goods, not on the number of hours he stays open. And is a man really reckoned "uppish" because he happens to prefer leisure to doing extra work?

I was misinformed over the Eldorado case, and thank Mr. Barber for correcting my statement. I should also have added that the 1912 Act protects junior assistants only. Though adults receive compensation if they work for more than four hours on a Sunday, it seems that if the Shops Muddle is to be lifted, assistants should be guaranteed similar compensation for extra hours on week-days. It could then safely be left to the individual shopkeeper to stay open after 8 p.m. for the sale of provisions, should he wish to do so. It would be up to him to choose between leisure and additional work. It is surely unjust for the law to deny him categorically the right to make this choice. Nor do I see what business it is of other shops if a man chooses to stay open after normal hours.

I agree that general opening of provision shops on Sundays in districts like Stanmore might not be desirable. Housewives can order things a day ahead. But it by no means follows that none should be allowed to open anywhere. I am convinced of widespread dissatisfaction with the restrictions, and cannot agree with Mr. Barber and his "few dissenters." The restrictions are a serious handicap to many small provision stores, unnecessarily irksome to the public, and chaotic beyond words. Of course, we could all settle down under the new conditions, as Mr. Barber suggests; but if they are unjust and painfully stupid conditions, might it not be better to alter them instead of waiting till we have resignedly settled down? THE WRITER OF THE ARTICLE

30 Regent Square,
W.C.1.

Miscellany

THREE DAYS

OUR three long and spacious days
Rounded with their summer skies
Above the sea among
The islands of the hills, where, standing
Upon the morning's tufted height, we saw
Across the valleys of the afternoon, our distant
Goal of evening resting on a point
Stretched into the waves,
Are dropped like unknown lives in oceans
To complete their oblivion—
Spiral journeys to happiness made short
As a past or passing thought.

What can I do, now I return, to hold
Against the present their little memory?
From the rhythm of the country-drinking body
What muscle asserts happiness against
The anxiety of the city?
What words we spoke sustain their singing birds
Against the printed flood of words?
What peace we gave each other signs
Away the storm of wars?

There swims within my life a fish
Which is the deep and glittering wish
Evoking all the hills and waters
Of sensual memories.
Your image and those days of glass
Being lost become no loss
But change into that image
At the centre of my thought,
Itself no less precious
Than the original happiness.

STEPHEN SPENDER

COUNTRY NOTES

Better Though Not Bigger Fruit

WRITING about vegetables for these columns the other day reminded me of several grievances I hold against fruit-growers also. In many of her counties England is very definitely a fruit-growing country; witness the clouds of blossom which float over miles of orchard during April and May. Late frosts, hailstorms, and lack of sun are of course the unconquerable enemies, but although we may never hope to rival the jewelled, Mantegna-like swags and garlands of southerly climates—those lemons, those oranges, those grapes, those apricots, all so rich, heavy, and glowing—we still contrive to make a fair show both with our blossom in the spring and our country-cheeked apples and cherries in the late summer. There are moments when I feel I would not exchange all the groves of grape-fruit and peaches in California for the sight of an English

orchard, its boughs weighted down with fruit and all the pleasant cheerful business of picking going on.

But to return to my grievance. I do wonder why the amateur fruit-grower in this on the whole favoured country should content himself with the meagre variety he allows his garden to provide. Gooseberries—yes, they are very well, and their hairy paunches explode agreeably against the palate when pressed by the tongue. Raspberries—they are very well too, especially, as somebody remarked, for the first hundred times. Currants, too, red, black, and white, are very good, particularly when damped in their bunches and then dipped in caster sugar. But the amateur's garden will do much better for him than that, if he gives it the chance. Has he grown the pink currant? No, probably not. Has he discovered the Alpine strawberry, for which he will ungrudgingly pay an exorbitant price when it appears on the menu as *Fraises des bois* on his Continental holiday? If he hasn't, let me tell him that in the Alpine strawberry (which is quite as easy to grow as any other strawberry) he will find a fruit in every way superior to the rather woody little berry provided as *Fraise des bois*—larger, less "seedy," more luscious altogether, and with the advantage of a longer fruiting season than the ordinary strawberry, lasting, in fact, well into the autumn. Has he tried figs against a south wall? It is a mistake to think that outdoor figs will ripen only in southern Europe; they will ripen perfectly in the southern counties in an average English summer. Given the protection of glass (unheated) they will even provide two crops during the year. Peaches and nectarines, also, are too rarely planted, yet they fruit exuberantly against a wall exposed to the sun. Any house, however small, can supply such a wall; its owner would be better advised to plant a peach or a nectarine against it than the tangle of Dorothy Perkins or American Pillar under which such walls are usually disguised.

The Vineyards of England

England had her vineyards once, so there seems to be no reason why she should not have them again. They enjoy the prestige of mention in Domesday Book, and they grew on the south slopes of the North Downs. They have long since receded into history, and the descendants of our original vintagers have quite given up the idea of growing the grape vine now for their own benefit. Here and there a solitary vine exists to provide its bunches annually, which in due course are turned into an excruciatingly nasty drink labelled "Home-made wine" by cottage-wives, equivalent to other home-made wines such as "cowslip" and "elderberry," whose names carry a charmingly old-world suggestion so long as the decoction remains in the bottle, but not once it has left the bottle for the glass.

In spite of this scepticism taught by experience, I see no reason why grape-vines should not still be grown more freely out-of-doors in the south of England. Even if we refrain from making our own wine, there is a certain satisfaction in heaping a plate with some dark bunches, however tasteless, however watery, of our own growing. The names alone of hardy vines provide an ornament to the garden; they remind one vaguely of the troubadours and the Crusades: Primavere Frontignan, Muscatel, Muscadine, Black Prince. The leaves in themselves are very beautiful, both in design and colour—bright green in the spring, dark red in the autumn; what more could be asked of any leaf? I used to dry the most brilliant and perfectly shaped ones between blotting paper pressed under two volumes of the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, after which they used to lie about in the unhappy way of things which have neither use nor a place of their own, until such time as an impatient schoolroom maid, saying she couldn't put up with my dust-traps any longer, would throw them all into the fire.

Scrape

In conversation with a farmer friend, I recently learnt of the existence of this complaint—not to be confused with scrapie, which, as readers of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION are no doubt well aware, is due to a small parasite or sarcocyst lodging in the ovine muscular system. No. The complaint called scrape has a far more endearing origin than a mere parasitic insect producing excessive itchiness and consequent loss of wool. It is nothing less than homesickness; it occurs only in sheep pining for their native land.

The native land, in this case, happens to be the Highlands of Scotland. You cannot, it appears, buy Highland sheep and bring them to the south of England without their becoming infected with this most inconvenient disease. The odd thing about it is that the first generation does not suffer; it is only in the lambs that the homesickness begins to work. They start by pawing the ground uneasily (hence the name *scrape*), they pine; and if not speedily restored to their ancestral hills they die. The only remedy, according to my friend, is to cross the breed with a southern ram, when the North apparently agrees to settle down comfortably with the South. What an example for Queen Elizabeth. If only she had known about scrape, she would certainly have arranged an English marriage for Mary Queen of Scots.

V. SACKVILLE-WEST

THE POLITICALLY CONSCIOUS ARTIST

Courbet at Rosenberg's

IT is agreed that Courbet was a lusty braggart, a practical man and a political failure, simple minded, a lover of good things and hunting, a painter of incredible gifts and a most uneven artist. As far as it goes this estimate is true enough, but it is capable of some expansion. For though Courbet was perhaps a poor exponent of Prudhon's political theories, and though like David before him he had his public pronouncements prepared for him by more articulate friends, he was anything but stupid in his human relationships. Everything he did is obviously the work of a man not frightened, not shy, not *faible dans la vie*. And if his painting seems to lack the patient self-criticism and integrity of Cézanne, it also gains because Courbet knew a thing or two that Cézanne shrank from knowing. If his painting is uneven, that unevenness is the price he pays for the extraordinary heights of lyrical expression which he sometimes attains. Mr. Sickert has claimed that he produces pictures as he pares his nails; it was Courbet's boast that he painted as an apple tree produces apples. Between the qualified spontaneity of the one and the reckless optimism (what if the apples were not good?) of the other point of view there is a vast difference. Once when Courbet was sketching with Corot, Corot spent an hour frenziedly trying to get the composition right, muttering about masses; Courbet sat down without looking, announcing rather rudely as he did so, that, provided he had nature before his eyes it didn't matter where he placed himself.

This almost mediumistic faith in his ability to extract good from anything is the source of both Courbet's strength and his weakness. The same confidence which is insensitively awful in one picture can become miraculous in another. The reckless and uncritical enthusiasm he had for his own work which accounts for a piece of thoroughly ugly and unrelated painting like the *femme endormie* in the front room at Messrs. Rosenberg's Gallery, is responsible also for the lovely girl with seagulls. This, with its interplay of downy white birds, pink sky, distant sea and waving golden hair, is one of the loveliest pictures he ever painted. The same sort of comparison could be continued throughout the show. A regrettable picture of the lake of Geneva with snowy alps and something like an arab dhow in the foreground is set off against a stunning beach scene with rocks and boats, and a sky done by magic. A quickly and crudely painted child is a foil to one of those gazelle-eyed portraits of Madame Boreau. While the opulent nude belonging to Matisse makes up in colour, painting, conception and everything else for a stodgy piece of work just inside the door.

In about 1849 Courbet became what would now be called "politically conscious." Nearly all the pictures in this collection were painted after this date. It is difficult to see political sermons in rocks of Franche Comté, the water meadows of Indre or a wild profusion of flowers spread on a table in the open air, unless one is prepared to take a very long view. That Courbet desired the betterment of humanity (he really believed that the millennium had arrived at the time of the Commune) there can be no doubt, but he approached it as an individual, as though his own great affection could dissolve all differences in a love of white haunches and smooth bellies, of deer in forests and trout in streams, grapes and wine. He was a socialist on Christian and not moralising lines. There is nothing destructive in his outlook (he even preserved the pieces of the column which he was ordered to destroy)—"Shoot no one" was his slogan in the days of the Commune. He seemed to believe that there was something good about being human, and until morality can produce an artist who loves the idea of reconstruction as Courbet loved his native soil, who can be sincerely more interested in plans for gymnasiums than in his sweetheart, until then Courbet will continue to be a cogent disruptive and non-moral advocate for first and last things about human beings.

GRAHAM BELL

"MACBETH" AT GLYNDEBOURNE

IN this, the fifth year at Mr. John Christie's opera house at Glyndebourne, the season began for the first time with an opera by another than Mozart, namely, Verdi's *Macbeth*. With the fine enlarged stage in working for the first time this year the most elaborate effects are obtainable and full use is made of them in the present production. For the first time since Glyndebourne opened its doors the audience was given a dramatic rather than a musical evening. I say this not through any lack of appreciation of the great musician that Verdi undoubtedly was. His genius as a composer is as evident in his early works, such as *Il Trovatore*, *Rigoletto* and *La Traviata* as in his last two masterpieces, *Otello* and *Falstaff;* so that when the time came to consider adding the work of another master to the Mozart repertory which had proved so successful at Glyndebourne, Verdi was one of the obvious choices.

As for the opera to be selected there was a great deal to be said for *Macbeth*. Apparently, Verdi thought highly of it, although he revised it in 1865, after its original failure in Florence in 1847, but not so thoroughly as he did the later *Simon Boccanegra*. The great opportunities *Macbeth* offers for stage production make it particularly suitable for showing off both Glyndebourne's equipment and Carl Ebert's great talent as a producer. In this respect there is no doubt that the present production is a triumph for all concerned. For the first time at Glyndebourne we are given scenery and costumes that are appropriate, imaginative and a pleasure to the eye. The audience showed its appreciation by enthusiasm unusual even for Glyndebourne and although, as I have said, it was a night of drama rather than of music this is no reflection on the part played in its success by Fritz Busch, the orchestra and the singers. As usual at Glyndebourne the general ensemble was superb and proved once again what a difference assiduous rehearsing makes to the general effect and how unrivalled in this respect the work at Glyndebourne is. The choruses were simply magnificent, I have never heard better. The cast also was of a very high standard. Macbeth and Lady Macbeth have most of the singing and there was little fault to find with either Francesco Valentino (Macbeth) or Vera Schwarz—whose Lady Macbeth is, however, too suave and southern a type to be ideal for the part.

When it comes to discussing the music, I can only wish I could be as enthusiastic as I am about the production and the performance, but I can only present my own impression which was one of great disappointment. In the first place I think Verdi fails completely with the witches who are the bane of every producer of Shakespeare's play. If ever scenes required imaginative music to make them successful these do, but Verdi's music is on a par with Shakespeare's

Double, double toil and trouble
Fire burn and cauldron bubble

Or

By the pricking of my thumbs
Something wicked this way comes.

It is utterly conventional and almost ludicrous in its particular Italian operatic convention. When we get to the next scene—Piave set out Shakepeare's play as a libretto in four acts of ten scenes in all—that of a courtyard in Macbeth's castle, we were given by Caspar Neher a magnificent setting but the music, though it has dignity and force, has no suggestive power and is in fact cold. A fine final chorus though still very conventional was made effective by its formal presentation. So much for Act I: nothing memorable, nothing we long to hear repeated! In Act II the murder of Banquo is a foretaste of what Verdi was to do much more effectively four years later in *Rigoletto;* but Sparafucile and his long-cloaked, hissing desperadoes, reminiscent of Neapolitan bandits, seem quite out of the picture in *Macbeth*. The aria sung by Banquo (David Franklin) in the scene with his son before his murder which should be so touching, fails completely because Verdi has not been inspired to write anything that moves us, and one cannot help thinking in this home of Mozart what a touching scene that composer would have made of it. The banqueting scene is splendid to look at and the music has a certain vitality, but when one finds one's chief interest is in the clever way Banquo's ghost is handled by Mr. Ebert one realises with a shock that the music must be seriously lacking to make so little impression.

In Act III we are on the blasted heath again among the witches and the apparitions of kings. The music is completely devoid of horror or any sinister quality; the witches' music might come out of a lively comic opera. Fine stage-management, splendid setting, but no music worth remembering—that

She used to be comfortably off . . .

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I fear must be the verdict on Act III. We are now at Act IV. Here we get a bit of music enhanced by superb choral singing. After this the sleep-walking scene. This is good. Verdi here avoids the obvious and produces a really artistic piece of work all the more effective for being kept very quiet and mysterious. A nice aria well sung by Mr. David Lloyd (Macduff) sustains our interest, but in the scene before the battle Verdi misses his great opportunity with Macbeth. Here some music equal to Shakespeare's poetry is absolutely called for. One has to remind oneself of the terrific passages Shakespeare has given to Macbeth:

> I have liv'd long enough: my May of life
> Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf
> And that which should accompany old age,
> As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
> I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
> Curses not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath
> Which the poor heart would fain deny but dare not.

and the passage beginning:

> Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd
> Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow . . .

followed by the incomparable great speech:

> She should have died hereafter . . .
> To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
> Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
> To the last syllable of recorded time;
> And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
> The way to dusty death. . . .

In these last speeches of Macbeth is the whole climax and I would say the whole justification and success of Shakepeare's tragedy. Surely we are entitled to expect a composer of genius to rise to this height if he elects to compose an opera on Shakepeare's play? What Verdi gives us in the way of music is relatively pitiful in conception and totally devoid of imaginative power—just conventional operatic padding, energetically executed. As one listens to this uninspired stuff one cannot help thinking how Beethoven or Mozart would have risen to such an occasion, although I do not think either of them would ever have chosen this libretto.

W. J. TURNER

THE MOVIES

"Test Pilot" at the Empire.
"Doctor Rhythm," at the Plaza.
The March of Time, Fourth Year, No. 1.

TEST PILOT is the apotheosis of the good commercial film. Its efficiency is as dazzling as sunlight on aluminium wings. It has about as much psychology as a world-wide box-office hit can afford, which is more than used to be thought. And it is pure cinema, in the sense that there is scarcely a moment of it conceivable in any medium other than that of the moving picture. Under the direction of Victor Fleming it certainly does move: the technical handling of the air scenes is brilliant, and on the ground also Clark Gable, Myrna Loy and Spencer Tracy play with such assurance and neat timing that we begin to fancy we know more about the characters they portray than we really do. The essence of the drama is the effect of the highly dangerous career of an experimental pilot on his own nerves and those of his wife (Loy) and his ground mechanic (Tracy). Superficially he appears to have no nerves at all; but in fact all his dare-devil successes (which involve power-dives, last-minute parachute descents and so on) are followed by crazy, drunken orgies, with which—and with the danger—his wife has to put up. Two or three times she gives way under the strain, and even the laconic Mr. Tracy, in one of those performances which seem to condense whole chapters of Hemingway into the exclamation "Sure!" cracks up towards the end. All through the film we move across the surface of American life with that delightful feeling of reality which we have come to expect from the best Hollywood products. The Kansas farm looks real, so do the New York lodgings, and a whole chain of small performances add to the total effect: one of them, the Kansas boy jilted for the more glamorous aviator, not even important enough to have his name on the cast sheet, is given a sort of courteous good nature which one recognises as characteristic of hundreds of Americans but seldom meets on the screen; another, the New York landlady, is a character study by the clever actress who gave us the mother in *Dead End*, Marjorie Main.

The limitations of the medium begin to show when we are invited to consider the nature of the nervous tension between the pilot and the two who love him; it resolves itself inevitably into a series of photogenic scenes, crazy parties, whirlwind reconciliations, packings and unpackings of suitcases. The novel has nothing to fear here. For sensibility and the inner life M-G-M. fall back on some rather disconcerting talk about "Miss Alice-Blue-Gown," the jealous mistress of the skies, she who slaps and has to get slapped back or Gable will know why. And his final lapse into domesticity is unconvincing. No; whole people don't really emerge out of *Test Pilot:* what does emerge is a fascinating top-layer of quick living and quick thinking, machine-ridden, generally true as deep as it goes, and, with Tracy, almost persuading us that it goes fairly deep after all.

No expert on the Parnassian slopes of crooning, I take it that Bing Crosby is acknowledged to be sweeter, softer, higher and damper than his rivals: in fact, the uncrowned Master-crooner of Hollywood. The point about *Doctor Rhythm* is that even the anti-crooners will enjoy it, and that for two reasons. First, it has been directed by Frank Tuttle (on the basis of an O. Henry story) with more than a touch of fantastic humour. The opening scene, for example, in which a high school relay team holds its fifteenth annual beano at midnight in the Central Park Zoo, would be an ideal piece of imaginative absurdity if only the mixed bathing with the seals had gone off in a more friendly manner: in such a night as that, all creation, animal and human, should have mingled in sweet paradisal concord. There is a delightful moment, too, when Crosby wakes up next morning, still in the Park, and sings an aubade to a semi-recumbent marble nude. It does not matter so much that this standard of direction is not maintained because of the second reason, which is Beatrice Lillie. It may be that a strong liking for burlesque leads me to overvalue this artist, for burlesque is the very kernel of her art. Anyhow there was, for me, not a dull moment while Mrs. Lorelei Dodge-Blodgett held the screen. We discover her engaged on preparations of baffling complexity for her Annual Police Show, holding a slightly precarious pose on a ladder while the cameras flash and her gilt halo wobbles. Her features reflect a perpetual internal warfare between self-confidence and apprehension; somehow or other she contrives to remain unruffled, but against what odds! Let her essay something in the line of a hot number, and a sidelong glance betrays a sickening doubt about the security of the spray on her left shoulder; let her so much as give the piano a playful tap, and there is an ominous creak, and—what is more—something peculiar seems to have come off on her hand. Never mind; in an instant she is all smiles again, launching into one of those interminable passion-charged notes beloved of the torch-singer which she keeps up for so long that she gradually loses interest in the whole thing, and the note imperceptibly becomes a yawn. Admirable, incomparable artist! The rest of the film is quite tolerable enough to serve as a background for her, though it was not intended precisely as that. Mary Carlisle endures the unenviable lot of girls with a pash for a crooner; that is to say, since the public likes solos best, she has to sit about looking (for variety's sake) first bored, then distrustful, finally rapturous. She is a blonde beauty on severely mass-produced lines; quite taking if you can banish the impression that she has been not so much created as assembled on a strip.

The new *March of Time* bulletin deals in its usual graphic manner with three topics, the unscrupulous abuse of the Hire Purchase system and Miss Wilkinson's campaign to reform it, White Russians in exile, and the use of the pine-forests in Georgia for paper-pulp.

PETER GALWAY

PLAYS AND PICTURES

Utrillo at the Adams Gallery

Here we see Utrillo at his best. The organisers have collected some thirty pictures painted between 1908 and 1918, which it would be interesting and slightly depressing to compare with his work of the last ten years. Utrillo has not ceased to be a good painter; and it is only fair to remember, when one sees something by him that appears undeniably bad, that as likely as not it was painted by somebody else. But to anyone acquainted only with his later work—done for the most part from post-cards, and showing it—this exhibition may come as a surprise. Instead of that mechanical enthusiasm which has never been felt for views which have never been "seen," rendered acceptable only by the artist's infallible sense of paint, the visitor to the Adams Gallery will find an impressionist vision, intense and sincere. The main influences are Pissaro, Cézanne and, to a less extent, Van Gogh (and, as influences, these are preferable to coloured photographs). Such pictures as *Avenue d'Argenteuil* (No. 14) and *Sannois* (No. 26.) —both painted in 1912, perhaps Utrillo's happiest year—are masterpieces of observation and analysis. It is this subtlety of analysis and delicate perception of tones that betrays the pupil of Pissaro and Cézanne; while the imaginative grasp which has transformed observed facts into a work of art reveals a pupil not unworthy of his schooling. Here is something quite different from the stark, though admirably disposed, patches of bleak colour which, in too many of Utrillo's latest pictures, show that the artist has been working without a thought or feeling for the *motif*. The very figures, instead of being dotted like dumpy dolls in suitable spots, are induced sometimes to take their places, and occasionally their movements even, as parts of a living whole. It may be worth noting that, contrary to opinions frequently and firmly maintained, in some of these pictures Utrillo has obtained his characteristic white effects by means of pure oil-paint unmixed with plaster. An exhibition not to be missed.

Toscanini at the Queen's Hall

The first two of the series of six Toscanini concerts arranged by the B.B.C. at the Queen's Hall have now taken place and shown this great conductor as supreme in his performances and as odd in his programme-building as ever. At the first concert though everything was finely played the Mozart *Magic Flute* overture had an unusual majesty and the Weber-Berlioz Waltz a purity and delicacy that reminded one of the total absence of vulgarity or any cheapness of effect that is one of Toscanini's greatest virtues. His genius for "continuity" made the delightful Smetana symphonic poem *Vltava* a wonderful experience. But not even Toscanini can get continuity into Strauss's *Don Quixote*, which, in spite of its richness of invention, seems rather straggling and shapeless and in this respect is inferior to its great rival among Strauss's tone-poems, *Till Eulenspiegel*. It was beautifully played with Emanuel Feuermann ('cellist) and Bernard Shore (viola) as good as they could be. Much fuss has been made of Toscanini's substitution of the E flat clarinet for the trumpet in Bach's Brandenburg Concerto in F, but this is no reflection on Mr. Ernest Hall's capacity. There is no doubt that the balance is better with the clarinet instead of the trumpet, which is always too shrill. The C minor symphony of Beethoven was marvellously played.

"Happy Returns," at the Adelphi

There is a Spanish scene—dancers; a Viennese scene—waltzes; a Japanese scene—geishas. Evidently the Earth just now is too grim a subject, so Mr. Cochran, no doubt wisely, pretends that nothing is happening. A rather drawn-out sketch about a stockbroker's office with stocks falling, falling, is the only comment on actuality—unless you include the "Down and Out Blues," a good tune on a nice cheerful theme. Almost all the Satire in the show is cannibalistic: mockery, that is to say, of the stage. And it would be unreasonable to complain, when Miss Beatrice Lillie is the satirist. She is, within her carefully considered limits, superb. Her series of portraits of incompetent and ageing entertainers is as brutal as it is brilliant, never exaggerated, painfully lifelike, ferociously funny. She fails to be hoisted by gentlemen of the chorus, she fails to take a low note, she warbles of gay Paree, she coos of Alt Wien, she swings on a crescent moon distributing garters, she even recreates Miss Evelyn Laye in *Helen*. She is, in fact, the show, and she is a fabulously good show. Apart from her there is a new, indefatigable, juggling dancer, Miss Mickie Braatz, who is the sort of discovery Mr. Cochran always succeeds in making. There are Marietta d'Aix and Rody d'Aix, dazzling in the more athletic ballroom style. There are Bud Flanagan and Chesney Allen from the Palladium, a little *dépaysés* but broadly bright. There is a lot of gay scenery, some good tunes, a pleasantly nostalgic revival of songs from old Cochran shows, and a new set of Young Ladies. We grow older, but Mr. Cochran and his audience remain the same age.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, May 27th—
- Public Meeting: "Air Raid Precautions in Spain and Britain," Friends House, 8.
- Rally in Aid of Spain, Kensington Town Hall, 8.
- "No More Peace!" First Production in London, Tavistock Little Theatre, Mary Ward Settlement.

SATURDAY, May 28th—
- Three Conferences for Students arranged by the Ethical Union, London School of Economics (Room 8), 10.30, 2.30 and 7.30.
- Congress on the Problems of Contemporary Music, Queen Mary Hall, 11.30; and on 29th.
- "Marriage of Figaro," Open Air Theatre.

SUNDAY, May 29th—
- Prof. G. E. Catlin on "Reason and Instinct," Conway Hall, 11.
- Third National Youth Peace Day. Procession leaves Embankment 2.30; Rally in Hyde Park, 3.15.

MONDAY, May 30th—
- D'Oyly Carte Opera Season, Scala.

TUESDAY, May 31st—
- Max Plowman on "The Work Before the P.P.U.," Friends House, 1.20.
- Public Meeting in support of Cecil Houses, Gaiety Theatre, 3.
- "Believe You Me," Ambassadors.

WEDNESDAY, June 1st—
- Debate: "The English and Their Ways." Speakers: André Maurois, A. G. Macdonell, Eric Linklater, 45 Park Lane, 9. Tickets, 21s. and 10s. 6d., in aid of Libraries in Hospitals.

THURSDAY, June 2nd—
- Max Plowman on "William Blake," Dick Sheppard Centre, 52 Queensway, W.2, 8.

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Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

In a self-revealing preface Professor Lancelot Hogben explains that he came to write *Science for the Citizen* (Allen and Unwin, 12*s*. 6*d*.) because, living during the week in London, he was visiting his children in Devonshire every week-end. This gave him each week "six hours of care-free time for writing under the most propitious circumstances" in the S.R. Pullman cars. The result is a book of over half a million words covering the history of scientific discovery and thought. It is an extraordinary feat for one man to have conceived and written it, and like his previous book, *Mathematics for the Million* (Allen and Unwin, 12*s*. 6*d*.), now in its 33rd thousand, it shows that Professor Hogben is one of the great popularisers. Like the apostles of evolution, he has a burning faith in science and in materialism. In his preface he attributes to himself "a sheer genius for making enemies." Be that as it may, he has Cobbett's genius for abusing what he considers the evils of his time. Economists are trounced on every possible occasion, but we must remember that he occupied the chair of Social Biology at the London School of Economics. The sub-title of this book, "a self-educator based on the social background of scientific discovery," reveals the idea which has inspired it: to write the history of advancing human knowledge, emphasising the social needs which called forth each fresh discovery. One great advantage of this is that every advance in science is correlated with the age in which it occurred; another is that it has led to an entire rearrangement of material and that the sciences are not divided up into water-tight compartments. Beginning with the determination of the year, we proceed to further astronomical discoveries as the result of the need for methods of navigation and thence to exact measurements of time—with the sundial and chronometer—and of distance. An exposition of the wave theory of sound, and the determination of the speed of light ends with a page in which the following sentences well illustrate Professor Hogben's weakness and his strength:

> If we wish to understand why the new outlook in physics is interpreted as a reason for rejecting the materialistic temper of the century which began with Diderot and ended with Darwin, we must not expect to find an answer in the progress of scientific knowledge. . . . social machinery can no longer accommodate rapid advance in discovering the material amenities which science confers. We are thus faced with two alternatives. One is to devise the social machinery which ensures the further progress of science by finding social uses for new discoveries. The other is to discredit confidence in the fact-loving method of science . . . we may hope the adventure of human knowledge will survive all the efforts to reinstate mysticism in the present period of cultural decay.

* * *

Part II deals with chemistry, the states of matter, the "rebirth of materialism" and the chemistry of carbon compounds. All this is brilliantly told. Part III is the Conquest of Power: heat, steam, magnetism and electricity. Part IV, The Conquest of Hunger and Disease, covers biology, inheritance, medicine. Part V, The Conquest of Behaviour, contains a violent onslaught on Lamarckians and Eugenists—since, if their views are true, the author's egalitarian faith would suffer. These pages are followed by an epilogue on the need for a new social contract which is perhaps the best thing in the book. It begins with a justification of applied science. "Without its roots firmly planted in the moist soil of social practice, the green shoot of pure science withers and becomes the dead trunk of metaphysics." Knowledge transforms our morality: as Lucretius says, it frees us from the terror of the gods. "Our moral attitude to witch-burning is not unconnected with advancing scientific knowledge of chemistry." Turning to the future, Professor Hogben sketches the changes in industry which can already be foreseen, and gives an excellent warning against efforts to nationalise industries which will not last much longer. Public enterprise should particularly concern itself with the new technical resources which private industry has failed to exploit.

* * *

It is extremely difficult to give a just appreciation of *Science for the Citizen*, because the merit of the book is its comprehensive sweeping view, and the vigour, not to say violence, with which it is written. "Along new macadamised roads machinery will propel the chariot of a new Pompeian plutocracy, escaping to the childless villa on the Chiltern hills." Admirable! Worthy of being ranked with Cobbett's best invective. The same violence in another connection may be unfair, or fail in its effect. Thus in emphasising the importance of electrical communication and the radio, he exclaims: "the spark-gap is mightier than the pen. Democracy will not be salvaged by men who can talk fluently. . . . etc." Most people understand fluently spoken broadcasts so much better than the buzz of the spark-gaps. Indeed it is far easier to pick small holes in a book of this kind than to praise it as it deserves. It is difficult to know what holes are worth picking. Some of Horrabin's illustrations are badly drawn. In the diagram of the governor the lever seems bound to turn round with the balls, and that of the Newcomen engine would be more intelligible if the cylinder were left ostentatiously open so that the reader could visualise atmospheric pressure on the piston. Professor Hogben makes some surprising statements:

> It is sometimes stated that the Arabs introduced the mariner's compass into Europe. This is not so. There is a record that the Norwegians were already familiar with its use by the eleventh century of our era . . . *when there was probably little intercourse between Northern Europe and the Mediterranean.*

In another place he acclaims the importance of archaeology and points out that a little knowledge of archaeology would have made it more difficult to spread doctrines used to bolster up war madness in Central Europe. He should remember that Northmen had been slave-raiding for generations before they colonised Apulia and conquered Sicily in the eleventh century. Contact with the Mediterranean was continual. Then there is a statement that the bee has been kept for thousands of years without any attempt to improve the strain until recent attempts at artificial insemination in the U.S.S.R. This shows ignorance of the beekeeping literature of the last fifty years. More serious than such slips is the failure in describing the alternation of sexual and asexual generation in plants (best seen in ferns, liverworts, mosses, etc.) to point out that all the cells in the sexual generation have the reduced number of chromosomes like the gametes. There is also no mention of the giantism due to cells containing the double number. But the chief fault of *Science and the Citizen* is also, as I have pointed out, its chief merit: its violence and lack of detachment. Sometimes, when Professor Hogben is attacking those with whom he disagrees, he flings accusations about very wildly. He agrees on one page that it is possible to assert that deaf-mutism is commoner among Jews than among Gentiles without incurring the charge of anti-semitism. But he suggests that Lamarck, who sank into an unhonoured grave at the age of eighty-five, after he had gone blind through using his microscope, spread his now obsolete and unproved theory of the origin of species (which is roughly that the giraffe got a long neck by stretching to the tops of trees) because "the political deductions to be drawn from it invested the privileges of the wealthy with the verisimilitude of natural law." This is, of course, not only bosh but profoundly pernicious, because symptomatic of the blindness to truth which political partisanship is spreading everywhere to-day. It is true that Hogben quotes Boyle's words, "Science is such knowledge as hath a tendency to use." But the partisans all believe in the science that is of use to them, and only in that. The evolution of chemistry, says Hogben, made witchcraft incredible, but some of the accusations he makes himself seem to me like the medieval belief in witchcraft, the German belief in an underworld of Jews, or the Russian belief in Wreckers.

DAVID GARNETT

THIS WEEK'S NEW FABER BOOKS

Edinburgh
SACHEVERELL SITWELL & FRANCIS BAMFORD

★ Edinburgh, of all cities in Great Britain, stands to-day as the last stronghold of romance. As Mr. Sitwell and Mr. Bamford bring to life the kings and beggars, martyrs and murderers, queens and witches, and the ordinary men and women who have helped to mould her soul, we catch the essential spirit that is hers. 'Information that will be new to many who know their Edinburgh well.'—*Times Lit. Supp.* *With 16 collotype illustrations.* 12/6

Without Knowing Mr. Walkley
personal memoirs of
EDITH OLIVIER

★ One of the most delightful memoirs we have published. 'Has enchanted me.'—LORD DAVID CECIL, *Spectator.* 'Delightful—a most beguiling book.'—E. B. OSBORN, *Daily Telegraph.* 'Wholly delightful.'—DOUGLAS WEST, *Daily Mail.* 'Altogether a charming book.'—HOWARD SPRING, *Evening Standard.* *With 16 illustrations.* 12/6

Austria and After
FRANZ BORKENAU

★ 1.—Was the *Anschluss* brought about by the will of the people or by violence? 2.—Is it likely to continue by force or consent? 3.—What does it mean in the general European context? There is no one more fitted to answer these questions than Dr. Borkenau, author of *The Spanish Cockpit.* He himself is Austrian and has unrivalled knowledge of the whole European scene. *With maps.* 8/6

Just Back from Germany
J. A. COLE

★ Mr. Cole has just returned from Germany and his book has been rushed through the press in record time. If you have been unable to go to Germany yourself, this straightforward and unbiased account of what he saw and heard is the next best thing. ☞ 'I do not think I have read any book about Germany under the Nazis which gave me so clear or so amusing or so unprejudiced a picture.'—*Reynolds News.* 8/6

The Mott Family in France
DONALD MOFFAT

★ The Motts and their adventures in France have been one of the most popular features in the whole history of the *New Yorker.* 'Cannot fail to be welcomed here with warm appreciation—more real knowledge of France than from a dozen books.'—*Times Lit. Supp.* 'A delightful family.'—*The Times.* 'Truly engaging wit.'—*Observer.* 7/6

Social Interest: A Challenge to Mankind
ALFRED ADLER

★ The recent death of the great Austrian psychologist, Dr. Adler, has robbed the world of one of its most original and powerful minds. In this last testament, a vigorous and impressive re-statement of his fundamental ideas, he shows how our present-day burdens are the result of the lack of a thorough social education 10/6

Arthur Rimbaud
ENID STARKIE

★ Rimbaud had one of the strangest and most romantic careers in the whole of history, and Miss Starkie gives a particularly full account of his amazing life in the Levant and Abyssinia as trader and explorer. 'The most complete and accurate survey of Rimbaud's career yet published.'—*Times Literary Supplement.* *Illustrated.* 15/-

T. E. Hulme
MICHAEL ROBERTS

★ T. E. Hulme, the philosopher and poet, who was killed in action in 1917, has proved to be perhaps the most influential mind of his generation. Mr. Roberts's study is important for everyone who would understand the philosophy, the æsthetics and the art of the present time and probably of the future. 10/6

A History of Economic Thought
ERICH ROLL

★ This extremely important book is intended primarily for the professional student of economics and secondarily for the intelligent layman. It gives a critical description of all economic theories, of any significance, from Plato to the present day. Professor Roll's treatment of Karl Marx is particularly full and illuminating. 12/6

NEW NOVELS

Shadows Around the Lake. By GUY DE POURTALÈS. *Routledge.* 8*s.* 6*d.*
Pathetic Symphony. By KLAUS MANN. *Gollancz.* 8*s.* 6*d.*
Birthday Party. By C. H. B. KITCHIN. *Constable.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Night of the Party. By MARTIN BOYD. *Dent.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The first novel, as *La Pêche Miraculeuse*, was awarded the *Grand Prix du Roman* by the French Academy: in England, it received the Heinemann Prize. Mr. Geoffrey Sainsbury's translation, apart from a few over-anxious words like "refrigerant," is unusually resourceful and good. But prizes or no prizes, this long, thoughtful and talented book is by no means the work of a true novelist. I do not mean that the author is not a writer, and a good one. I mean that here we have that particular kind of half-autobiographical first (and often last) novel which is sometimes produced by the sensitive and highly cultivated man of middle-age. Its faults as a novel, curiously enough, form its virtues as a book. Because it is exactly the impersonal, yet thoroughly subjective, slightly amateur approach which enables the Comte de Pourtalès to say what he wants.

The novel's epoch is 1890–1920. The setting is the aristocratic quarter of Geneva, inhabited by the descendants of French families which had taken refuge there at the Reformation "... great families that made Geneva first of all a Calvinist Rome, and then a centre of science and banking." They talked of "going to Switzerland" when they left the Canton of Geneva; they were somehow rather English. Among them is the Villars family, and Paul de Villars is the hero. His desire is to be a musician; his problems are love, and the crumbling, yet tenacious, tenets of his extraordinary little civilisation:

> "There's no sense in my loving her," he said to himself. "To be in love with one's own torment. . . ." At bottom, all the trouble came from this ancient town of mummies, where the soul reigned supreme, the soul turned into a quarrelsome, pedantic monster, snarling at life, the soul that had been kneaded and pounded by that terrible Calvin who had sent Servetus to the stake for saying that Christ was the Everlasting Son of God, instead of the Son of God Everlasting. . . .

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"Her," in the above quotation, is Louise, the first of Paul's two love-affairs. Louise's devotion was complete, but completely of the mind. Her church, and her education, retained her body. Their mutual frustration and unhappiness slow the book down, in the middle, as they slow things down in real life. But one's interest does not flag, because of the author's remarkable gift for reproducing the effects of passion on nervous sensibilities. Still unmarried in 1914, Paul becomes an interpreter on the English front, and there ensue descriptions of the War which are really magnificent. Equally able, and equally terrifying, are the pages which just precede the War. Miserably enough, one sees that the only difference between 1914 and to-day is that in 1914 one couldn't read novels about what was going to happen. Now, by buying *Shadows Around the Lake* and changing the word Servia to Czechoslovakia, one can. Wounded, Paul returns to an impoverished inheritance, and to the solution of his difficulties in Louise's friend, Antoinette. The latter represents the acceptance and fulfilment of life; she embodies Paul's future just as Louise embodied his past, and the values which must be understood, and then transformed, by each succeeding generation. Possibly the story sounds a little meagre. To read, it is full and satisfying. It has auxiliaries, too, in the tender and perspicacious asides about natural beauties, music and architecture. The architecture is that of huge eighteenth century lake-side houses of Paul's puzzled and retreating caste. There are, in short, several good reasons for reading this book. I might add two more. One, that the author has successfully recaptured the Europe of his youth. Another, that the Europe of his youth has successfully recaptured him, and us.

Pathetic Symphony is a biographical novel about Tchaikovsky by the son of Thomas Mann. It begins with the composer already famous, and making his fêted expeditions to Germany and elsewhere as guest conductor of his own works. Affectionate, self-obsessed, moody to a degree, Tchaikovsky's nature has been evoked with astonishing delicacy. He was always wanting to be "anywhere but here." Something about the way he approached life, combined with something about the way Herr Mann approaches writing, makes it seem, at times, as if one is reading an unfamiliar Tchehov, in which the characters are mysteriously called Brahms, Grieg, Nikisch, Busoni, etc. The book cannot sustain such a comparison all through, of course, but there is much that can. The author goes on to deal with Tchaikovsky's youth. He was born not far from Moscow in 1840, and at the age of fourteen his French mother, whom he adored, died of cholera, the disease of which he was himself to die. From ten to roughly twenty-one, he muddled at law without giving a thought to music, and then, at twenty-five, a composition of his was conducted in public by Johann Strauss. It was at this point that he shook off the influence of Apukhtin, a brilliant young man who had dominated him since his mother's death, and of whom Turgenev had said, "he will one day be the greatest poet in Russia." There followed the years of work and recognition in Moscow under the tutelage of his great friend Nicolai Rubinstein. It was in his capacity as teacher at the new Conservatoire that he met Antonina Miliukova, and made, in 1877, his absurd and disastrous marriage. An earlier flirtation with a French singer, Désirée Artôt, had come to nothing, but the marriage was to come to worse than nothing. The same year, however, the greatest woman friend of his life, Madame von Meck, began giving him an allowance of 6,000 roubles a year: since 1876, their correspondence had become one of the chief factors in his life. He was never to meet her. For thirteen years, she was to play the role of invisible mother, but the composer, as Herr Mann shows, became internally more melancholy and unsatisfied as he became internationally more famous. In the final years, there began the increasing, only half-expressed attachment to his precocious, devoted nephew, Vladimir Davidoff. The tragedy begins to gain singleness and clarity, and these pages are among the author's best. They also lend his book great interest and authority, because Herr Mann has been the first to show Tchaikovsky's end in its true perspective. The apotheosis was the *Symphonie Pathétique*, the Sixth and greatest of his symphonies; it was performed on the 16th October, 1893. A few days later, he drank the tainted glass of water, and died. The Symphony was dedicated to Vladimir, and after the first performance the young man said to Tchaikovsky:

> "Why must music dedicated by you to me be sad?"
> "I did not mean anything," declared the old man, standing up. "I am tired."

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who need a respite from the international news. *Birthday Party* is going to disappoint so few people that there can be no harm in saying that, to some degree, it disappointed me. *Death of My Aunt* and *The Sensitive One* I remember with considerable pleasure, but I am beginning to feel that there is something wrong, after all, about Mr. Kitchin's *genre*, the half detective-story, half serious novel. A faint, but irritating, conflict is set up in one's mind, because the characters seem trustworthy and real, while their behaviour sometimes is not. *Birthday Party* is told in the first person by four characters, and the main theme is the condensing struggle over the possession of a large country house. Ronnie Carlice, the undergraduate heir, wants to turn it into a school for revolutionaries. His grand, shrewd aunt, Isabel, simply wants it. His less grand stepmother, Dora, wants to do her duty. Dora's brother, Stephen, who is a little dotty, wants whiskey, and his withheld allowance. The winner of a very ingeniously conducted contest must not be revealed, but Aunt Isabel starts to win in what I find an unpleasantly supernatural way. This is an aspect of the quality I deprecate in Mr. Kitchin. But the characterisation always remains, and it is sometimes brilliant. As a small example, here is Ronnie's reply to Stephen when the latter has confessed to novel-writing:

> "Then I'm sorry for you. Because of all art forms, the novel is the most bound up with the present very transitory form of society. Almost by definition, it is rooted in individualism, and it will perish when individualism perishes."

Ronnie talks a certain brand of contemporary nonsense with absolute flawlessness, and he makes me glad I read the book.

If one disregards a few unnecessarily eloquent speeches about Art, *Night of the Party* is both clever and amusing, in the proper senses of those words. Mr. Boyd is an expert at the minutiae of personality, and has an agile, ironical wit. The central figures of his novel are Lucinda, Ella, and her painter husband Gavin. At thirty, in 1914, Ella trapped Gavin away from Lucinda: Ella was not wicked, but she was, and is, art and crafty, pathetic, bossy, and priggish. The climax of the story comes nearly twenty years later, when Gavin tries to run away with Lucinda's daughter, and the mismanagements of three lifetimes flare out very convincingly. Ella's remarks are perhaps the best in the book. These are the words with which she inaugurates a long lecture to her son, who is slightly made up, and accoutred in rust-pink silk:

> We were very clear-sighted in 1914, Boysie. In fact, I don't think anyone has seen clearly since, except a few who refuse to look at their ideals through the smoky glasses of sex.

BRIAN HOWARD

"Dear Auntie Bertha,

Sorry I can't take you ski-ing to-morrow afternoon —I mean, thank you very much for the book about microbe hunters. Sorry I can't, but I'm going to the pioneers' house to play in the orchestra—would you like to come? It's soon after dinner—we can have dinner there. I often go by myself—all the kids do. You can have borsch and cutlets and jelly, and there's a buffet; it looks like a big rocky cave, and you can have all sorts of things to eat there too. You can tell some of the other kids about the parties in the London Zoo—what you told me about all the animals staying up and going to bed very late. We can play a dance and march, and we're going to play at a concert for the babies next week. They often come in the morning with the nurse from the kindergarten. They like the playroom with all the toys best, but I think toys are silly. I like the library. Ever such a lot of books there."

The above letter from 12-year-old Lyenka is taken from EVERYDAY LIFE IN RUSSIA, compiled by Bertha Malnick from Soviet newspapers, private letters, diaries, etc., and illustrated with drawings by Pearl Binder and 17 photographs (12/6 net).

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NADIR SHAH

Nadir Shah. By L. LOCKHART. *Luzac.* £1 1s.

Though essentially a history and a work of scholarship, this book provides a most interesting, if fortuitous, aid to the understanding of post-war Persia. Nadir Shah began his career by delivering his country from foreign invaders. Not until he had succeeded in that task did he discard the pretence of allegiance to the previous dynasty. He assumed the crown with the consent of a national assembly. A cardinal and recurrent factor in his policy was the attempt to secure power over the Gulf: he re-asserted the Persian claim to Bahrein; he renamed Bushire "Bandar Nadiriyya." The wealth of the people he regarded primarily as a source of military strength. He forbade the Shiah threnodies. He forced his subjects to wear a square hat. His justice was personal and unexpected. In short, he was the type of a successful Persian ruler, and the precedent of his doings, as recited by Dr. Lockhart, may well exercise a soothing influence on any diplomat appointed to Teheran in the year 1938.

I would not suggest that this is the purpose of the book or provides any but a small part of its real interest. To do so would be a poor way of celebrating the appearance of a new star in the by no means overcrowded firmament of Oriental learning. Such persons are rare in England, and when one of them publishes his first major work, that section of the public which appreciates the value of Asiatic studies will do well to note that the tradition of Browne and Nicholson has descended to a new generation. Dr. Lockhart has drawn his materials almost entirely from contemporary chroniclers and travellers, and the extent of his researches into their voluminous writings may be judged by his apology for not having been able to examine the records of the Dutch East India Company or the contemporary press of European countries other than England. His most novel source has been the history of Muhammad Kazim of Merv, of which only one manuscript is known to exist and which the authorities of the Oriental Institute in Leningrad made available to him in a photostat copy. In the arrangement of facts he observes a strictly chronological sequence. Biographically, this method avoids confusion. But for the elucidation of the larger historic issues it is not always the most convenient. I could wish, for instance, that the naval operations in the Gulf, which were entirely detached from Nadir's own campaigns, had been allowed to form a consecutive story.

The name of Nadir Shah, by its association with the sack of Delhi and the rape of the Peacock Throne, has come to convey just a plundering soldier, one of those irresponsible and meteoric figures whose mark on history is purely disruptive and, therefore, unimportant. Admittedly Nadir's schemes miscarried. His time was unfavourable to him. The cruelties he practised as age undermined his discretion brought him eventually to assassination in his tent. And so unstably had he built that his dynasty vanished with himself. Nevertheless, it is Dr. Lockhart's achievement to have distinguished the more positive interest of his extraordinary career. He refreshed the antique conception, now again revived in our own time, of a Persia so consolidated under an effective central government as to be independent of foreign interference or tribal disturbance. And he was at the same time the last of the great Asiatic conquerors, the political descendant of Jenghis Khan and Tamerlane, whose ultimate ambition, like theirs, was the subjection of China. From Khiva to Basrah, from Georgia to Delhi, his armies imposed his rule or suzerainty and upheld, so long as he was feared, the authority of an administration whose complexity diminished with its distance from the centre. But having no thought for the prosperity of his own people, or moderation in the taxing of them, he allowed their discontent to grow until he met with the fate of the tyrant who has outlived his use. In 1741 there had already been one attempt to kill him.

> Well would it have been for Persia and also for Nadir's reputation if that bullet had found its intended mark. He was then at the culminating point of his career. Besides delivering his country from the yoke of the Afghans, he had humbled the Turks, caused the Russians

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to give up all the Persian territory remaining in their power after their voluntary evacuation of Gilan, and had subdued the Bakhtiaris, Abdalis and Ghalzais; further, he had despoiled India, and conquered Turkistan, while his troops had seized part of Arabia, and his fleet, despite some vicissitudes, was becoming supreme in the Persian Gulf. . . . Hitherto, fortune had been, on the whole, most benign, but a change was about to set in, and Nadir, during the remainder of his reign, was destined to bring terrible troubles on his people and ultimately disaster upon himself in his endeavours to achieve his aims.

In face of this estimate, Dr. Lockhart maintains that Nadir was "a very great man." That he was a reasonable man, at least until the last few years of his life, is evident from the statesmanship he displayed in India. But a conqueror cannot be great unless he changes political forms, and the nearest Nadir came to that was in some temporary strengthening of an already existent and very ancient entity, his native country. His significance in history is as the hero, not of an epic, but of an epilogue. Henceforth the conquerors of Asia would arise out of the West, and the horsemen of Tartary, of Turkistan and Khorasan give place to white-skinned sailors in their white-sailed ships.

ROBERT BYRON

STUDIES

Persons and Periods. By G. D. H. COLE. *Macmillan.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Cole has collected in this volume a number of chapters and essays that he has published in whole or in part at different times elsewhere and added to them a long chapter on Rousseau's *Social Contract*. Most of the book is occupied with the eighteenth century, if we take that century as lasting to the first Reform Bill. This part of the book is largely written round three men of whose characters and careers Mr. Cole has made a special study, Defoe, Cobbett and Robert Owen. Mr. and Mrs. Cole's superb edition of Defoe's Tour, published by Peter Davies in 1927, was the first reissue of that work since 1778, and it had a worthy successor in 1930 in a handsome edition of Cobbett's *Rural Rides*, produced by the same publisher, of which it may be said that the notes and biographical index represent a standard of devotion and industry that are an honour to English scholarship. At a time when so many people are chiefly concerned to understand and explain themselves it is a pleasure to find writers who edit a great classic in this spirit, determined to track down every allusion and revive every character in its pages, knowing how much important history lurks in the lives of the obscure. Mr. Cole is as much a teacher as a rebel, and it is significant that his sympathies are drawn so strongly to the three great self-taught men who took the chief part in teaching untaught England. The long chapter on Defoe with which the book opens has an interesting discussion on the problems of professional conduct raised by the career of the first great English journalist. A good part of the book sketches in the background of these three writers, covering in this way a large surface of time and space, and touching on various subjects. Thus there are chapters on Town Life in the eighteenth century, Roads, Rivers and Canals, Defoe's England, London, the Rural Rides, and besides chapters on Defoe, Cobbett, Owen and Owenism, there is also a chapter on a study on legal repression which is, unfortunately, too slight to add anything of value to the subject of the Treason and Sedition Bills and the Combination Acts, on which Mr. Cole must have a great deal to say. There are also interesting discussions of Rousseau, Marx, William Morris, Henry Ford, and a short sketch of the Webbs, written before they went to Russia, with a very true prediction of the effect Russia would make on them. In this chapter Mr. Cole pays a graceful tribute to their magnanimity.

It is dangerous to differ from Mr. Cole on any question relating to Cobbett, but I find it hard to agree with his suggestion that the person most like him to-day is George Lansbury. There seem to me two fundamental differences. In Lansbury's noble quarrel with the world there is more sorrow than anger, and his faith is more in his ideas than in his capacity. In both respects Cobbett is surely the exact opposite. I cannot imagine Lansbury writing Cobbett's famous passage on the delight of leaving England for America in 1817. "And then to see a free country for once, and to see every labourer with plenty to eat and drink. Think of *that*. And never to see the hang-dog face of a tax gatherer. Think of *that*. No Alien Acts here. No long-sworded and whiskered captains. No judges escorted from town to town and sitting under the guard of dragoons. No packed juries of tenants. No Crosses. No Bolton Fletchers. No hangings and rippings up. No Castleses and Olivers. No Stewarts and Perries. No Cannings, Liverpools, Castlereaghs, Eldons, Ellenboroughs, or Sidmouths. No bankers. No Squeaking Wynnes. No Wilberforces. Think of *that*. No Wilberforces!" Nor can I imagine Lansbury riding out of Oxford reflecting that "what I had written, even since I left Kensington on the 29th of October, would produce more effect and do more good in the world than all that had, for a hundred years, been written by all the members of this University." The man who recalls Cobbett as I picture him is the John Burns I used to hear declaiming against the Boer War on Battersea Common. He handled the Rand lords with the same crisp vigour with which Cobbett handled the paper money lords, and he gave the impression that Cobbett gives, that he knew he was fighting for his life and that he meant to win.

J. L. HAMMOND

ROUMANIAN JOURNEY

Roumanian Journey. By SACHEVERELL SITWELL. *Batsford.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

A philistine detractor of Mr. Sitwell's work once complained that, in his poetry and in his prose, nothing was ever presented to us on its own merits—everything was "like" something else and usually (he added) something extremely unlikely. For more appreciative and discriminating critics, however, Mr. Sitwell's gift of finding analogies is one of the pleasantest features of his literary style. His eye is apt to reflect a double image; in any given work of art, he distinguishes not only the object itself but its connection with other fields of aesthetic achievement, with its historical origins and its racial background. This faculty has been of great advantage to him in his present book. Roumania is, no doubt, a delightful country; but, considered as material, it is much inferior to the various countries of which Mr. Sitwell has already written. *Roumanian Journey* has a two-fold interest. It contains some fascinating impressions of the Roumanian scene (presented with Mr. Sitwell's customary vividness) and it makes those impressions doubly memorable by relating them to his memories of other landscapes—both landscapes of the terrestial and the imaginative order. Mr. Sitwell, as always, is acute and sensitive. He begins well, with a glimpse of the vast, black-furrowed Transylvanian plain where fields of sunflowers, "tall and straight as bulrushes," stand nodding their yellow heads in the hot sunlight, and where, as evening falls, "huge flocks of sheep and whole troops of horses," droves of lumbering Nilotic buffaloes and "long regiments of geese," following their leaders, are to be observed crossing the flat green prospect towards the distant villages—a sign that wolf-packs still haunt the neighbourhood.

Later, while pursuing his journey to Bucarest, Mr. Sitwell found himself in exceedingly stimulating and congenial company; for his car drew up at a roadside fair and he enjoyed his first sight of typical Balkan gipsies—the Laetzi, with their long matted locks, bare chests and hooked biblical profiles, horse-copers, horse-thieves and desperadoes, and the Caldararii, a slightly more prosaic race who earn their living as tinsmiths and coppersmiths. Naturally, Mr. Sitwell's mind flew back to the genius of Franz Liszt; and from *The Gypsy in Music* he proceeds to quote a characteristic and brilliant passage which describes a gipsy encampment with something of Mr. Sitwell's own imaginative abandon. Bucarest might well have produced an anticlimax. By most accounts, it is a remarkably dismal metropolis; but Mr. Sitwell discovered much to stir his fancy—the nostalgic popular music of restaurants and cafés, the semi-oriental quality of its social life, its Russian cabmen, who belong to a sect of Old Believers that formerly practised ceremonial self-castration. Not a few of these holy eunuchs are still on the streets; and Mr. Sitwell was able to visit their houses and (with recollections of Farinelli and other famed Italian *castrati*) observe at close quarters their peculiar gait and psychology.

From Bucarest, Mr. Sitwell's expedition took him through Moldavia and Bukovina. He was interested, if a trifle horrified, by the swarming Jewish population of Cernauti and Hotin (where Roumania touches the U.S.S.R.) and devotes some dramatic passages to the nastiness of the latter city; but quite the finest section of his book was inspired by a journey through the Danube delta with its myriad birds, its reedy islands and mirage landscape:

> The sea stretches out into immensity, and numberless mirages play upon the horizon. It is not even possible to be certain of the horizon. Everything in sight trembles and glitters with the heat,

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which beats up again and rebounds from off the metal waters. It is still the river, flowing and moving in midst of the sea, through a maze of channels that are often no more than a couple of feet in depth. And now come green islands, lifted but an inch or two above the tideless sea, like dairy meadows, in the ocean. . . . Far away, white cities gleamed and sparkled. . . . It was the Orient of white domes and minarets. . . . And then the truth came. Those were white pelicans, towns of white pelicans camped upon the islands. There were other sea-birds, nearer by, and immeasurably lengthened in the waters. A solitary seagull, not a hundred feet away, was lifted to stilt-like eminence in the mist of heat. And most curious of all, and never explained, the horizon had a far-off fire burning at low distance in the sky. . . . It was ghostly and inexplicable, pointing the unreality of all that lay around.

During his stay in Roumania, Mr. Sitwell received much support and encouragement from the Roumanian authorities; and the tone of the narrative is rather too consistently eulogistic—the Jewish problem is glanced at and gracefully skirted—but the whole effect of his book is lively and readable. The photographs reproduced are uncommonly good, but the coloured illustrations are weak and vulgar.

PETER QUENNELL

FOUR BELIEVERS

What I Believe. By J. D. BERESFORD. *Heinemann.* 5s.
Problems of Religion. By GERALD BULLETT. *Heinemann.* 5s.
Pan, Cæsar and God. By RENÉE HAYNES. *Heinemann.* 5s.
St. Paul. By A. D. NOCK. Home University Library. *Thornton Butterworth.* 2s. 6d.

Three of these books are the first of a new series called *I Believe*, of which Mr. Ellis Roberts is editor. The authors "are all agreed in believing that materialism is not enough," and "The Argument" to the series states that they are "opposed to the forces in life which seek to destroy the dignity of the individual soul and to exalt the machine." Such language suggests traces of the prejudice that materialism, whether mechanistic or not, is derogatory to human dignity. But I cannot see why anyone need turn religious out of snobbery: there is no evidence that a materialist's experience is less dignified or in any way poorer than that of a believer in "Spirit."

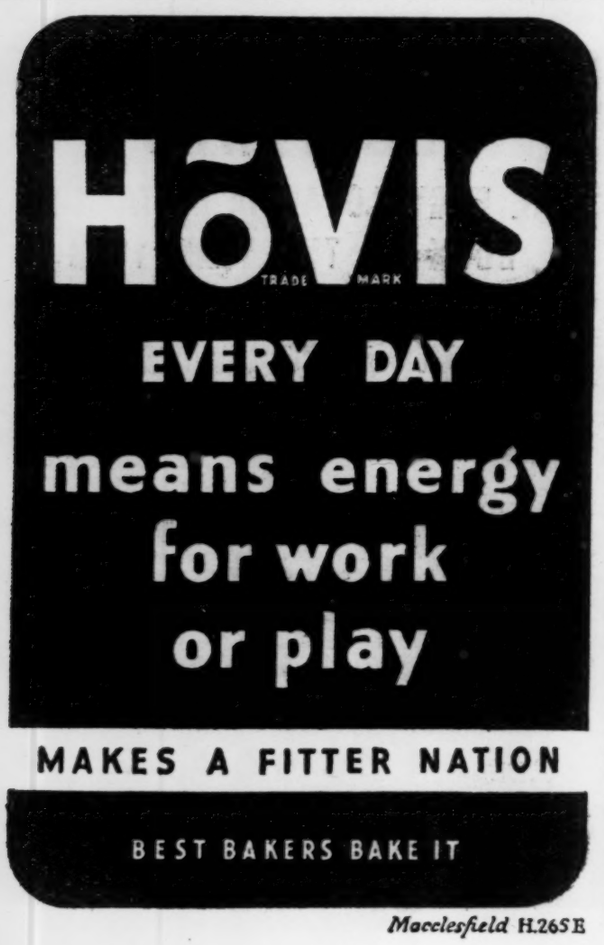
It is chiefly to experience that Mr. Beresford and Mr. Bullett appeal. They have hardly any metaphysics; they pay a passing, and I think quite mistaken, tribute to mathematical physics; they have little patience with theology, and none with religious institutions. Mr. Beresford gives a large part of his book to an account of his religious experience as a young man, which is admirable for its humility and sense; but when he comes to the development of his convictions in later life he presents the processes of his mind less clearly, and often by analogies. "The kind of spiritual wisdom I am writing about," he says, "cannot be learnt through the intelligence or imparted from without"; and Mr. Bullett's faith also seems to be based on moments of "integrated" experience which include the immediate recognition of reality. For him "spirit and matter are two aspects of one reality. Matter is the multiform appearance of spirit. The Many is the emergence, into fact, of the One."

Miss Haynes's method, however, is historical, and she attempts to give some account of primitive religion and of the religious history of China, India, Greece and Palestine in 150 small pages. The compression makes her style difficult and her presentation—especially of Hinduism and the later Greek thinkers—sometimes misleading. Her book is further complicated by the fact that she does not keep a consistent standard of critical awareness. When she is on *Golden Bough* territory she talks the language of scholarship, yet gives without warning the traditional story of the Buddha's conversion, and is content in speaking of Moses to paraphrase the Book of Exodus. This is all the more serious because she alone, of the three writers, grounds her religion on historical fact. Whereas Mr. Bullett is prepared to go so far as to say that the Christian Churches have made a great religious mistake in maintaining that the Synoptic Gospels are substantially historical, she would be lost if they were not. Prof. Nock's cautious account of the development of Christology is a product of the scholarly modernism that Miss Haynes is implicitly rejecting in every word she writes; and a similar investigation of the doctrine of the Holy Spirit would take some of the emotive sting out of her theme-phrase, *lumen cordium*.

A writer on Justin Martyr once pointed out that, in spite of the Creeds, even the most orthodox minds habitually think of the Holy Spirit as "It." Mr. Beresford and Mr. Bullett regard the Creeds as documents of a rather crude anthropomorphism: they get rid of the Father and the Son and keep "It." This question of personality of course controls their conception of divine activity. Miss Evelyn Underhill, in *The Golden Sequence* (a book to which Miss Haynes acknowledges heavy debts), has said that the business of religion is "with the relationship between man, the derived, imperfect and embodied spirit, and the perfect, spaceless Spirit of all Spirits—God. It affirms His living sanctity, His individual action." Mr. Beresford would call such language, at best, a metaphor it is difficult to avoid: for him the only divine activity is the existence of "It," equationable with life itself: all other activity is on the human side. Yet his experience contains no traces of a "nostalgia for the lost deep life of instinct." He is as far as Miss Haynes from blood-and-sap pantheism.

Neither he nor Mr. Bullett touches on the social implications of his beliefs; and their omissions here and elsewhere point again the double value to Europe of the doctrine of a unique Incarnation: it has kept the Churches (whether for good or bad at any given time is not the point) firmly in the social structure, and by necessitating continual theological defence it prevented the intellect's suicide.

Comparing Mr. Beresford with St. Paul I was inclined at first to believe in human progress. When Prof. Nock described the problem whether a Gentile "could acquire through baptism the right to a share in the life of the World to Come, without submitting to circumcision" as a vital issue in Paul's life—as indeed it was—I felt that Paul was a far inferior person to the gentle novelist talking us without method into faith. But I am not so sure. Most of Paul's writings are directed to concrete social questions: "Am I to eat such and such meat?" "Can you live without making tents?" "Whom am I to obey when the Roman magistrate sits in judgment?" His theology was a by-product of such problems as these; and on them all his intellectual energy was bent. I certainly do not like St. Paul, with his sudden blindness and pestilent journeys, as much as I like Mr. Beresford; but if that were the point I should perhaps have been converted by *What I Believe*. Paul's importance to European civilisation is more in the argumentative consequences



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of his faith than in his faith itself. For his faith was of the dangerous, fanatical, sour kind; while his argumentativeness led to the growth of a theology which preserved a rational method through the Middle Ages. I think Mr. Beresford is mistaken in his summary of the main trends of thought in Europe, and that a far fairer account of the theological and scientific methods is to be found, for instance, in the earlier chapters of Whitehead's *Science and the Modern World*. HUMPHRY HOUSE

A TALE OF TREACHERY

Farewell Austria. By KURT VON SCHUSCHNIGG. *Cassell.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Last Five Hours of Austria. By EUGENE LENNHOFF. *Rich and Cowan.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Twilight in Vienna. By WILLI FRISCHAUER. *Collins.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

It was at 7.30 p.m. on Friday, March 11th, that the population of Austria, still—incredible though it may seem to-day—hoping at that last moment a miracle might occur to save them—heard the death sentence of their country's independent existence pronounced over the wireless by the broken voice of Kurt von Schuschnigg. His exact words are printed for the world to remember at the end of his book. The Chancellor declared that he was yielding only to superior force, and ended his short and moving speech with the words "God protect Austria." God did not protect Austria; it was clear that He was on the side of the big battalions that were at that hour already marching over the frontiers. To understand the extraordinary atmosphere of those last days and hours, the reportage of Eugene Lennhof, editor of a popular anti-Nazi evening rag, is a lively, though far from perfect aid.

The population of Austria: but a large proportion, though not a majority, of that population had for years been working, in legality and illegality, to achieve just this end, and during the next few days were out on the streets dazedly cheering the uniforms of the Third Reich that were swarming in. Many foreigners who had for years known and fallen in love with Austria, were amazed at this enthusiasm for a system which seems to exalt qualities the very opposite of Austrian: racial and national intolerance, ruthless brutality towards opponents, contempt of culture, and militarism. But they had forgotten not only how strong Pan-germanism had been even in pre-war Austria, but also the depth of misery and frustration to which the middle-classes had been reduced by defeat and inflation and crisis, a misery which made the younger generation ready for any desperate remedy. It is this background which Herr Frischauer attempts to paint in his book. There is perhaps too much generalisation in the handling of a theme which cries out for a vivid style and concrete examples, and too much vague philosophising, but nevertheless *Twilight in Vienna* does manage to give a hideous glimpse of the demoralisation which sudden economic insecurity was causing in Austria's middle classes. Prostitution, pimping, gambling, blackmailing, gangsterism: these are a few of the shifts to which young men and women who preferred life to hunger and obliteration found themselves driven in "care-free Vienna." It is little wonder that extermination of their Jewish rivals and union with the great Reich in the North seemed better solutions to a great many young "Aryans."

Pan-germanism triumphed, and one of the most interesting facts which emerges from Dr. Schuschnigg's apologia, the original title of which, *Three Austrias*, has been discarded now there is a fourth Austria, is the strength of his pro-German feeling, in spite of his attachment to the old Habsburg and Catholic ideals. Would he have succeeded if he had not been so convinced that Austria must steer a "German" course? Was Schuschnigg too upright, too little aware of political baseness, to realise that Hitler's Germany wanted, not harmonious relations but total domination? The man who had shown such skill in the elimination of his rivals to power in Austria, made the fatal mistake of visiting Berchtesgaden, and the old fox, Von Papen, must have smiled hugely to himself at the knowledge that he had sent the head of the State to which he was accredited as Ambassador to his doom.

A more profound mistake was the failure to make overtures to the workers in time: Schuschnigg remained in the eyes of the people the representative of reactionary Church and financial interests. Nevertheless, the really tragic thing is that, when Dollfuss was dead, when Starhemberg and Fey were reduced to political nullity, all the protagonists in the February shootings were gone, and Schuschnigg was ideally placed as early as 1936 to offer the concessions, both in political organisation and works programmes to alleviate chronic unemployment, which he was desperately negotiating when it was too late. But his book shows only too clearly how deep his prejudice against the Social-Democrats was, how his home background of Imperial service, his Jesuit upbringing and political education at the feet of the far-scheming prelate Dr. Seipel, made a true appreciation of the workers' movement, in spite of his culture and humanism, impossible. What made it worse, was his entire lack of the arts of popularity; journalists sometimes complained that his speeches were like dressings-down by a rather dry Headmaster, and the *Fragments of a Diary* included in the book reveal the same remoteness and inflexibility.

And yet, even with the support of the workers, it is not certain that his position was tenable, when the stink of treachery was rising so foully on all sides. Von Papen was not the only one who "smiled and smiled." There was the Foreign Minister, his former schoolmate and fellow-Catholic, Guido Schmidt, whom everyone seemed to know was unreliable except Schuschnigg himself. There were small traitors in every Government office, revealing all his plans methodically to Berlin and Munich. There was the quick-change Führer, who found himself called by Heaven to "deliver" Austria, though he had publicly given his word not to interfere in her internal affairs; there was the "esteemed and admired" Mussolini, the real instigator of the destruction of the Socialists, who had rushed his troops to the Brenner in 1934, and now at the crucial moment went and hid himself in a ski-ing resort out of call; lastly, there were the fair democracies, champions of little nations against big bullies, war-victors who had forced the small and hapless State into existence and refused again and again to countenance its union with a democratic Germany, and who now abandoned it without stirring a finger, and abandoned too the Jewish minority whose equal rights they had insisted on at Saint-Germain. Schuschnigg himself thought of Saint-Germain as a prison for the Austrians: the Powers who forced him into that prison have let him now be driven into a narrower and more lonely one in the Belvedere, where an honest and courageous man can meditate on the faith of powerful friends. R. I. P.

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Europe Into the Abyss: Behind the Scenes of Secret Politics. Edited by DR. ALEX FORBATH. *Pallas Publishing Co.* 15s.

This book of nearly 800 pages is difficult to describe. Its object is "to acquaint the intelligent public with the fundamental ideas of present-day European politics." Its British contributors are Lord Cecil, who has written an admirable general introduction, Mr. Lloyd George, who has written a five-page article disappointingly limited to "An Example of the Effect of the Stock Exchange and Finance on Political Events"; Lord Davies, who has expounded his familiar views on collective security and on a European air police force; and Mr. G. D. H. Cole, who has contributed an illuminating (and none too reassuring) account of the economic prospects of Great Britain. France (or rather French foreign policy) is dealt with by the inexhaustible Mme. Tabouis, and by M. Wladimir d'Ormesson, of the *Figaro*, both of whom cover much the same ground, though the one emphasises the value of the Franco-Soviet Pact, and the other tries to develop the not very convincing theory of "Neither Berlin nor Moscow." An excellent article on "The Worries of the Small States, particularly Holland," is contributed by Mr. Drion, a Dutch ex-M.P.; Russia and Italy are "covered" by official spokesmen. The writer on Russia is Dr. Louis Segal, "Manager of the Official U.S.S.R. Trade Office in Great Britain," who, after quoting official statistics, and tactfully refraining from any political analysis of the Stalin regime, concludes by telling us that "the distinctive feature of the Soviet system is the establishment of a classless society, resting on the broad basis of democracy and planned economy." The writer of the article on Italy is Signor Corrado Govoni, described as "President of Sindicato Nazionale Fascista Autori e Scrittori." He must be one of the purest of the pure. He writes in a romantic style, and rather revels in the thought that "Italy represents in the European sky an enormous volume of high electric potentiality." Far from trying to prove that Italy is a defender of European peace, he looks forward to a war with confidence and almost joy. "Is Europe really on the verge of an inevitable precipice?" he asks. "And why should the new world conflagration be a precipice?" Why indeed?

> From this clash and this dramatic impact, Italy does not see looming on the horizon of the tried [tired?] world the threatening ghosts of the *grands barbares blancs* . . . but she expects and hopes that if the fight and the impact cannot be avoided, they should create and spread not the death of society, but the spiritual light of a new and lasting civilisation which . . . should be good for all living people, like the sun.

Sez you. Only when the signor tells us—"we feel that we have nothing in common with the bestiality of the Asiatics," one wonders where the difference lies between the Asiatic bombing of Nanking and the civilised bombing of Barcelona. Or is this a cheap question, which has nothing to do with Signor Govoni's high philosophic vision of the Fascist millennium? Or perhaps the Japanese friends are not "Asiatics"? Why, of course not; how silly of me.

But I must say that I rather enjoyed this exhibition of Italian nudism, and regretted that the article on Germany should not have been placed by the editor in equally competent Nazi hands. It is written by "Walter Horst-Weitenau, Germany," but whether "Germany" is his address or only his birthplace is not made clear. His account of Nazi Germany is objective in tone, but critical. In a symposium of this kind one would have preferred a good piece of Goebbels or Streicher exhibitionism. Other articles in the book include one on Czechoslovakia by Mr. Prochaska, the editor of a leading democratic Czech paper, one on Rumania by a former Rumanian finance minister; the Hungarian case is presented by a former Hungarian premier; the Spanish case by Señor Oliveira, the Press Attaché of the Spanish Embassy in London; (while he was at it, I think the editor should have got somebody to state the Rebel case); and I particularly liked the fair and informative article on Poland by J. H. Retinger, "political writer, Warsaw." This incomplete enumeration of the principal articles in the book should be sufficient to indicate both its merits and its limitations. Each of the articles is useful in its own way; but there is a lack of arrangement about the book, and a lack of system about the choice of subjects and contributors. As a reference book it is of limited value: some writers dwell on statistics, others prefer to philosophise; Italy is given an apologist, and Nazi Germany a critic. The book is a little like three or four issues of a monthly or quarterly bound in one volume; I don't think this is an unfair description. There are also some slips and inaccuracies; the Nazi purge of the 30th of June was not in 1935, but in 1934; and sometimes the English is odd, for instance when we are told that "Niemöller is now awaiting for a trial."

A. B.

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Studies in Humanism. By J. W. MACKAIL. *Longmans.* 12s. 6d.

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rooms of Exeter or Hull, but rather as sitting in the family circle and pointing out that all the charm of all the Muses can often be found flowering (to borrow a phrase of Tennyson's) in a lonely word. Like a scholarly preacher he is at his best on a definite, limited subject: the more limited the better. Among the most interesting essays in this book are *Erasmus on War* and *Bentley's Milton*, where competent exposition and analysis are employed on not too familiar material. Where the subject is fairly limited but more familiar, Dr. Mackail is never content to forget what has been said before, even though he stresses over and over again the need for fresh approaches and personal opinions: he never speaks with the true voice of learned independence. In effect he says: "Let us remind ourselves of what the world has said about Dante and Ariosto and Bunyan and Ruskin, and see how we like it." The essays on these and other authors are helpful, but never very interesting. But when he writes on a really wide subject, like *The Pursuit of Poetry*, *What is the Good of Greek?* or *Tradition and Design*, the weakness of his Humanism is apparent: he is nervous of such fundamental questions as "How?" and "Why?" and shows his nervousness in prolixity. He never has a theory, but puts forward a sort of L.C.M. of all the theories, hoping for the best. After reading these three essays we feel inclined to abandon one defence of learning Greek—that it helps to cure its students of verbosity.

The Story of the Secret Service. By R. W. ROWAN. *Miles.* 15s.

This book is an exhaustive history of secret service methods through the ages, ably and convincingly written. It is seven hundred and seventy-three pages long and should be a gold-mine for those authors who live by rehashing sensational stories of the past. Naturally, the Jesuits, the English Secret Service, the Chevalier d'Eon, Redl, the Okhrana, the Dreyfus case, Mata Hari, Karl Lody and all the old favourites are here, but there is more besides. Greek, Persian, Punic, Roman, Bourbon, Czarist, Serbian, Bulgarian, Macedonian espionage are dealt with; Delilah and Mithridates are given their due as primitive secret service agents. The Great War is extensively covered and an interesting epilogue carries the story to the present day. Further, the book is well documented and illustrated with plans and dialogues. As a reference book for the journalist and as a thriller for the amateur of the sensational, *The Story of Secret Service* can be recommended.

The "Truth" of the Bible. By STANLEY A. COOK. *S.P.C.K.* 9s.

It is not out of considerateness for the legendary retiring disposition of Truth that the Cambridge Professor of Hebrew has on this occasion clothed her with inverted commas, but owing to a belief that, like Topsy, she just grows. Recognising that for the world at large religion is no longer true in the sense it used to be true, he is yet convinced that the bewilderment, disillusion, unrest, suspicion and despair characteristic of our age are such that none of us can be delivered from them except through religious faith. Moreover, according to him, far from preventing our quest of this faith, our recent acquisitions of knowledge incite us to embark upon it. His particular field has been the Old Testament, and the result of its scientific study, with all the latest assistance supplied by archæology, psychology and comparative religion, is, he says, to show that the most important period in Jewish history is that beginning with the sixth century B.C., when the reconstruction of Israel was accomplished, thanks to the way in which the prophets exhorted individuals. When the Bible is subjected to methodological study "the metaphysical foundations of science" tend to become those of the Bible. Religion stands forth as "evolutionary" or "developing," and hence as vital to a culture. It is through God that the individual relates himself to the universe, and our "religious" and "non-religious" convictions are found to interpenetrate. The tendency to "secularise" the Bible and to treat religion as a "natural" phenomenon, instead of destroying religion, restores the effective realism that properly belongs to it.

Chinese Evergreen. By VICTOR PURCELL. *Michael Joseph.* 10s. 6d.

A quiet, cultured, unhurrying description of Chinese life; the author, who is obviously a fine Chinese scholar and a "humanist"—though modest about his abilities—is helping the Chinese to organise their schools under the new Central Government. He travelled across Southern "Red" China (which is now, of course, respectable except for fierce roving bands of Trotskyites!) with a government official inspecting the routine of the schools. With this kind of temperament and with this particular mission, it is natural that he should be more interested in those elements likely to persist in and build up Chinese civilisation than those more sensational ones which direct the present war policy. Consequently the book gives a strange impression of stability and peacefulness, though this may often be due to the author suppressing outbursts of personal feeling—a little less detachment would have improved the book. We see the Chinese, at least if they are at all rich or important, as independent, self-willed, almost eccentric individualists, which make them seem exceptionally civilised in an era of "herd" discipline. Unfortunately the author describes his journey in too much detail, and we grow tired of drifting along with him and his friends through the hot sun. But if we have patience we are left with an impression of the Chinese that is probably all the truer for not being too sharply generalised. There is an interesting last chapter on Chinese attitudes to reasoning, their addiction to analogy and rhythm.

About Motoring

THE DUNLOP JUBILEE

A MIDDLE-AGED veterinary surgeon is hardly the man from whose brain one would anticipate epoch-making inventions. John Boyd Dunlop was 48 before a combination of motives inspired him to revolutionise road transport. In his journeyings round Belfast, ministering to sick beasts, he had suffered many things from the jolting of dogcarts with steel rims and much unsprung weight. In the autumn of 1887 his ten-year-old son, Johnny, was presented on his birthday with a tricycle, which jolted worse than the parental dogcart. At that very same moment, had Dunlop but known it, Karl Benz was disturbing the officials at Mannheim by driving about the town in a gas-engined dogcart with solid tyres. Both men were locally derided as cranks. Both men have exerted an enormous influence on society. They have jointly revolutionised war by facilitating the production of tanks and planes. They have robbed the railway of much of its former importance. They have caused cities to sprawl out over the countryside into mighty ulcers. They have undermined the Christian religion, for the motor car has probably done more than any other single factor to weaken churchgoing. In 1887 both men were locally regarded as slightly mad.

J. B. Dunlop tackled little Johnny's tricycle by cutting out a wooden disc 16in. in diameter. He must have been very deft with his fingers, for he contrived to make a rubber tube out of sheet rubber a thirty-second of an inch thick, solutioning an air-tight joint at the union of the two ends, with the added complication of a small air inlet resembling the nipple of a football bladder; indeed, he used a football pump to inflate the tube, and sealed it by tying up the end with string! History does not record whether he contrived to produce a usable tube at the first attempt, nor what oaths he employed if and when the joint leaked, or the nipple came away. At any rate, the tube was sooner or later complete, and was affixed to the wooden disc by nailing a strip of linen over it all the way round! He now proved his possession of the true scientific mind, for instead of mounting the crude wheel between the forks of Johnny's tricycle, and proudly remarking: "There you are, my little man!" Dunlop removed the solid tyred front wheel from the tricycle, and repaired to his stable-yard with a wheel under each arm. He began his tests by bowling the tricycle wheel along the yard; before it reached the end, it wobbled, and fell. He then bowled the Dunlop wheel, judging the force as best he could. The Dunlop wheel trundled vertically to the far end, hit the gate a resounding whop, and rebounded.

I suspect that the North Ireland cows and horses may have found Dunlop a trifle absent-minded for the next month or two, and that he frequently relapsed into brown studies at the dinner table. Anyhow, before the end of the year he procured two long strips of elm, 9ft. long, 3in. wide and ¼in. thick. He bent these into hoops, and riveted the ends together. He painstakingly made two more air tubes from $\frac{1}{32}$in. sheet rubber, pulled them into canvas tubes, and fitted a simple rubber non-return valve of the flap type to the air nipples. He then covered the whole tube with sheet rubber, placing a double thickness on the tread, solutioned the complete tyres to the wooden rims, and secured the rim-cum-tyre with copper wire to a back wheel of the lucky Johnny's tricycle, which was now completely pneumatic. We are left to imagine Mrs. Dunlop's expostulations; for as the job was finished late at night, and Dunlop could not himself ride the ten-year-old's tricycle, Johnny was kept up and sent out in the moonlight to try the machine. The machine was obviously faster and infinitely more comfortable than it had been. Early next morning, as soon as good light was available, the surgeon feverishly examined the wheels for wear, but no mark, cut, scrape or scratch was visible.

One wonders whether Johnny was permitted to ride the tricycle in daylight, and so risk the exposure of the invention to greedy eyes. Be that as it may, Dunlop now ordered a Quadrant tricycle from Edlin and Co., who must have been mystified that it was ordered "minus wheels." Dunlop was no mean amateur mechanic, for he constructed the wheels himself, using 2in. American elm for the rims. He found that the front tyre rubbed against the forks on corners, so he retained a solid tyre for the front wheel, and at last was able to make his first ride on pneumatics. The experience was so convincing that on July 23rd, 1888, he applied for a patent, and Edlin and Co. began to build cycles with the neces-

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sary clearances for the broader tyres. "Vibration Impossible!" was their slogan, and the first machine was ridden for 3,000 miles during which the front tyre never punctured, nor was removed from its rim; it may be seen to-day in the Royal Scottish Museum at Edinburgh.

Surprisingly enough, the new tyre evoked much ridicule at its first appearance, and even the cycling press jeered at it, calling it the "sausage" and the "bolster." But a Belfast racing cyclist, William Hume, was converted to its merits, and although he had relinquished the track after his last crash, he determined to turn out again on pneumatics, and when he won all four races open to safety bicycles at his next race meeting, the tyre could hardly be made fast enough.

In the next two years Arthur du Cros (afterwards knighted) won many sensational races on pneumatics, and Harvey du Cros launched a company with £25,000 capital in 1889. The new tyre was advertised as "indispensable for ladies and persons with delicate nerves," possibly suggesting that the medical aspects of vibration had first set the vet's mind moving in this direction. Within a couple of years the problems of attachment and detachment had been solved. The company purchased from C. K. Welch a patent covering the use of inextensible wires and a centre-sunk rim, and in 1890 they secured W. E. Bartlett's alternative method of equipping the cover with thickened or "clincher" edges, which were locked into the rim by the pressure of the inflated tube. Anon the invention of the motor car confronted the tyre manufacturer with a whole battalion of novel problems, which he was slow to solve, though to-day he can turn out motor tyres of 15in. cross-section, carrying a load of 4½ tons per wheel, whilst some of the aeroplane tyres measure 22in. across, support 8 tons apiece, and automatically discharge into the ground any static electricity collected by the plane in flight, and that within a thousandth of a second from the first touchdown. But when all is said and done, the main achievement of the men who have developed Dunlop's original notion is to supply the average motorist with cheap tyres which will wear for from 10,000 to 20,000 miles per set, according to the manner of usage, and during that distance will give their owner hardly any trouble at all.

R. E. DAVIDSON

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No. 429

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RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, June 3rd.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 427

Set by Graham Bell

A first prize of Two Guineas and a second prize of Half a Guinea are offered for a short poem on the subject of Queen Victoria rescued from flames by Lord Tennyson by any one of the following, supposing him to be an eye-witness of the affair: Hopkins, Shelley, W. H. Auden, Oscar Wilde, Stevie Smith, Edward Lear, Hilaire Belloc, Wordsworth.

Report by Graham Bell

There were 46 entries; Edward Lear, obviously the easiest to do though hardest to do well, appeared 11 times. Stevie Smith 7, Belloc and Auden 6, Wilde with 4 and Shelley were the least popular. Nearly all the Miss Smith's fastened on Alfie as a suitable name for the Queen's playmate, and most of them include a smattering of foreign languages, more frequently dead than alive. The Bellocs take a ruthless line:

There are Few Men who would aspire
To see a Reigning Queen on fire!

begins Allen Laing, while Raphanus, even closer to the model, has:

A trait that everyone admires
In reigning queens is scorn of fires.

Most of the Auden was extraordinarily good, proving apparently that his is the natural verse of the time. Stephen, Louis, Christopher, etc., are not unmentioned. Gragge's ballad, after the Frankie and Johnny model, went very well and, except for a poor refrain, might have won with:

He saved her Royal Highness
From something worse than life.

G. B. Ewart has a stanza of purest gold:

Here is a natural setting for love in the evenings,
A nine hole golf course to liquidate jealousy,
Where the too gallant colonels
May take their advances to the queen with a mashie.

But the poem goes below this standard in its narrative moments—a difficulty which L. W. Bailey, in an otherwise admirable parody, avoids by confining the story to one line.

Tennyson's hat came in for a lot of comment—as "Sombrero" (twice), "wideawake," "cowboy." His name was twice rhymed by great ingenuity with *Venison* and once with "benison." "We are not amused" earned bad marks whenever it appeared (6 times). There was very little bitterness and only one sign of professional jealousy (ascribed to Shelley), while one Hopkins concludes with the affectionate words "Right on, right lovable Laureate." The best of the Lears (Antony Witherby) ends touchingly in Lear's best manner:

The Fireflies danced in attendance,
As he cast her into the stream,
And while I was picking up pendants
She was a watery gleam.

Mr. John Mair's Hopkins gets the first prize for being more utterly involved in the model than any of the others, and yet preserving a conservative thought. The second prize divides itself between L. V. Upward's neat Belloc and H. Mayor's appealingly topical Stevie Smith.

FIRST PRIZE

THE CONFLAGRATION

(As seen by Gerard Manley Hopkins)

When the laurel-lapp't Laureate took station by his Victoria,
In as vigorous a joy as from hunter the heavy-horned venison
  Vaults, so Alfred Lord Tennyson
Struck fire from his string-strung lyre immediately saw he her.

Struck fire, say I? Ay, the sun-sheen that that day shone
On doom's dawn blazed not more bright when Michael with get-out strike,
  Hurled Lucifer down on his Hell-hike,
Than now when the Court caught fire and flamed into such conflagration.

Like a hound on a hart with a bound the Laureate fac'd
The flames and subdued them. With heart numb
  As crystalised plum
Saw I (heavenly botany!) primrose with laurel lac'd.

O, then, what a bow-back hand-hold bustle! Can I without loss
Of dignity tell how bounty-bag Gladstone
  Came, and Grace with his pads on?
No, that for my self-filling, nib-knotting, tempest-tossed pen would be bathos!

JOHN MAIR

SECOND PRIZE

A Cautionary Rhyme
OF A GOOD QUEEN'S RESCUE FROM FIRE
By H— B—.

No worthier person could I pick,
Than our beloved late Queen Vic.,
To show how virtue wins the prize,
As all *good* children realise.
Once, when gross carelessness (not here)
With some indifferent lucifers
Set Windsor Castle in a blaze
Which might have lasted several days,
Had not great courage been displayed
By an heroic Fire Brigade,
The Queen, quite overcome by heat,
Could find no method of retreat;
But underneath her window stood
One who revered the very good—
Lord Tennyson, a famous poet;
He cried: "The danger's great, I know it;
But such a worthy dame must be
Saved from the flames immediately!"
He climbed the ivy-laden wall,
With scarcely any rests at all,
And very soon Victoria found
Herself quite safe upon the ground,
A fact which obviously displays
Sufficient proof that goodness pays.

L. V. UPWARD

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CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Rates and all information on page 929.

SECOND PRIZE

MORE ABOUT POMPEY

Alfred Lord Tennyson (Alfie to me,
At least when we were in the bath together in my flat at Cockfosters, chaps),
I so-o liked to have him sitzend auf meinem Knie,
When Q. Victoria stopped an incendiary bomb,
Nobody knowing or caring where it came from;
But Alf is so loyal, so loyal, so *patriote*,
His not to reason why, his but to stop the rot
With shovel and sand as per Sir S. Hoare's
Regulations on yellow paper for the conduct of future Wars.
The Queen was saved and Pompey went to bed,
The rot her sweet boy'd stopped maturing in her head.

H. MAYOR

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 282.—TRIADS

"Those are my triads," said Stella.

"Ah, yes!" said I. "I wondered what these mysterious triads were."

"Well, now you can see for yourself," said Stella. "A triad is three soupstones, all of different sizes, mounted as a pendant. Don't tell me that you don't know what a soupstone is. The legend in Bololand is that a poor girl, very devout, was serving at the shrine of the local god. She had come to the end of her material resources when three of these lovely stones mysteriously fell into her soup. That's why the natives of Bololand mount them in threes."

"And sell them," I said, "to tourists like yourself?"

"That's right," said Stella. "They cost so many piastres each. Let me see—what's the formula, Herbert?"

"A very simple one," said Herbert. "The price of a triad is the price of its three separate stones. And a stone costs that number of piastres per carat which it weighs in carats. The natives have only rough balances, and, according to their notions, every soupstone weighs so many carats exactly."

I picked up Stella's triads, two in each hand. "These," I said, "all cost you about the same?"

"No," said Stella, "Not quite. I've bought one each year—we go to Bololand annually, you know—and each year, after the first, I've spent one piastre more on my triad than I've spent the preceding year. I shall do the same thing next year; but the year after that—according to Herbert—it'll be impossible to do so."

"That so?" I asked Herbert.

"That's so," said Herbert. "No soupstone, you see, is worth more than 100 piastres."

"I suppose, Stella," said I, "two different assortments of soupstones sometimes cost the same amount?"

"I expect so," said Stella. "Though I noticed that, this year, I had the only possible assortment at my price."

What will be the cost of the several soupstones that Stella will buy next year?

PROBLEM NO. 280.—THE CROSS-COUNTRY FINALS

Solution by A. C. Young

The answer is 2.

If there are *a* runners in Class A, and *b* runners in Class B, in a given year the total number of points lost is *ab*. When this has been proved the next step is to find all possible A scores and all possible B scores, selecting those that occur two or more times.

It is possible that the value of *ab* might have been the same in two of the years, but this is found not to be the case and we need consider only the scores that occur three times.

In one case only do the corresponding values of *ab* add to 17. The values of *a* and *b* in this case are:

(9, 1) (2, 4) and (0, 9)

Sprintwell was once in Class A and twice in Class B, with a plus score of 2 each time.

PROBLEM 279.—OVERWORK

A set of Low's cartoons goes to J. Day, 170 Oundle Road, Peterborough. *Nine* points are awarded.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10s. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope, but on separate sheets of paper.

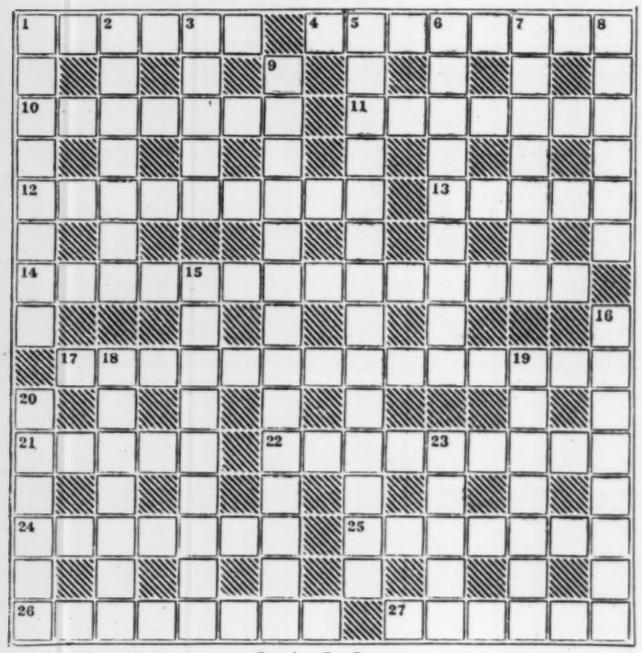
Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

CALIBAN

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 429

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later than first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
P. Grindley, 8 South Marine Terrace, Aberystwyth.

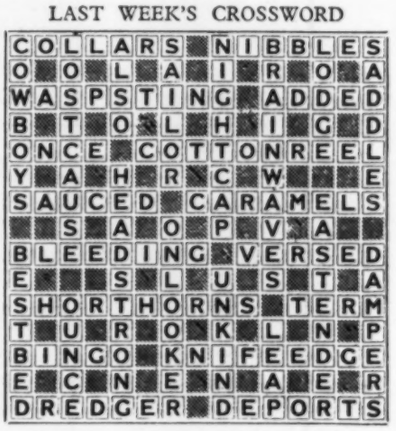
ACROSS

1. The doctor split the tree up. (6)
4. House dress material. (8)
10. Beats it materially. (7)
11. Offhand way to prepare for a greeting. (7)
12. Its use is not for printing an India paper edition. (9)
13. The subaltern took the axe back. (5)
14. Uttering imprecations against the West End of the Isle of Wight. (14)
17. Result of a big diversion no doubt. (14)
21. The editor with his paper. (5)
22. The sort of person who needs a cool hand to deal with him. (9)
24. Of course he sets monstrous problems. (7)
25. Hindu confusion of 21 with 4. (7)
26. The Red spies scattered. (8)
27. A bit of washing up. (6)

DOWN

1. Raises after razing possibly. (8)
2. Makes it a point of honour to hit the bull. (7)
3. A Scot from the coast maybe. (5)
5. Illegitimate descendants of the Cestus. (14)
6. Used to pile the wool up as one might say. (9)
7. I stole a Revised Version. (7)
8. School at Oxford. (6)
9. Many of them are singers. (14)
15. It's unheard of for a speaker to make such a remark. (9)
16. Where animals are bred for collar work? (8)
18. Butler who was won over on the films. (7)
19. As eternal as the Manx cat. (7)
20. Strapped in, equinely speaking. (6)
23. Found in the glens in Scotland. (5)

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD



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CHELSEA. Vacant after Whitsun. Large double divan room with breakfast, light, and service. 36 Oakley St. Flaxman 0276.

BLOOMSBURY. Large furnished room. One or two people, overlooking Mecklenburgh Square. Bath, light, cooker. 30s. Paddington 5646.

A BIG cheerful quiet modern room in private flat. All conveniences, 35s. inclusive of breakfast, service, etc. 27c Redcliffe Square, S.W.10. FLAX 8257.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS
Rates, and all information on page 929

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By DIVES

"GOLD" MARKETS—AIRCRAFT SHARES—TURKISH CREDIT—THE FRANC

ALTHOUGH the stock markets quickly recovered themselves after the week-end international crisis it should not be forgotten that there is no longer any such thing as a market. The permanent fear of war which now besets the investment world has completely destroyed marketability on the Stock Exchange. But if there is no market from the investment point of view, there is always a following for a gamble. Witness the wild gamble now being enjoyed in "development" gold shares. A few weeks ago Western Holdings 5*s*. shares were below par. On rumours of important strikes on its Orange Free State property the shares touched 19*s*. 6*d*. this week. Whether the shares are worth double or half their present price not even the directors could tell to-day. Backing your fancy in the Derby is no greater gamble than buying Western Holdings at 19*s*. 6*d*. It is curious that the wild scramble after these shares should have fired the whole market in gold-mining gambles—West Australian and West African as well as South African—but I suppose that Stock Exchange "punters," finding every industrial prospect dead, consider that any live gold mining prospect is fair game for their market operations. Even respectable shares like Union Corporation and Selection Trust have soared upwards because they have an indirect interest in the Orange Free State "discoveries." My advice to gold share investors is to take advantage of this market rise by selling or reducing their holdings of disappointing or doubtful shares.

* * *

It is surprising that the feverish expansion of the Air Force, which is being featured in press and Parliament, should not have caused any rising temperature in the market in aircraft shares. But, as I have said, there is no market in anything but gambles. The aircraft companies working on Government contracts are now virtually assured of a fixed rate of profit on volume of turnover for some years to come. The best "investment" share for the long term is, of course, Bristol Aircraft, but at 53*s*. 3*d*. these 10*s*. shares only yield £4 13*s*. 9*d*. per cent. on the estimated dividend of 25 per cent. (against 22½ per cent.). Much higher yields can be obtained from Handley Page and Hawker Siddeley. If Handley Page maintain, as I anticipate, the 50 per cent. dividend on the increased capital (thanks to their bombers) their 5*s*. shares at 33*s*. 6*d*. would return £7 9*s*. 3*d*. per cent. Hawker Siddeley have a better distribution of work but their shares are more highly geared. In front of the £1,455,000 equity stand £4,000,000 worth of 5 per cent. preference shares and £1,000,000 worth of Armstrong Siddeley Development 6½ per cent. preference shares. But the Company is well placed in the industry. By owning the Hawker and Gloster Aircraft Companies it has become the most important manufacturer of military aircraft frames in the country; it manufactures engines through Armstrong Siddeley Motors; it has an interest in civil aviation through Sir W. G. Armstrong Whitworth and A. V. Roe; and it has a profitable subsidiary making metal alloys for aircraft. The 5*s*. shares at 27*s*. 6*d*. would return the high yield of £8 3*s*. 9*d*. per cent. if the dividends for the year are increased from 42½ per cent. to 45 per cent. on the increased capital. Incidentally there are option certificates outstanding to apply for 1,000,000 shares at 35*s*. up to December, 1940. These options overhang the market, but it is worth mentioning that the proceeds of these options must be applied in paying off 5 per cent. redeemable preference shares.

* * *

Reports that negotiations are nearing completion for the grant to Turkey of a substantial sterling credit—figures of £10 millions and £16 millions have been mentioned—suggest that the British authorities are endeavouring to kill two birds with one stone. On the one hand, Turkey is to be helped to free herself still further from economic dependence on Germany, whose share of her trade is still over 35 per cent., as compared with nearly 50 per cent. in 1936. On the other, it is hoped that contracts placed in Britain, on the basis of the proposed credit, to fulfil Turkey's second Five Year Plan requirements in the way of steel, machinery, rolling stock and port equipment, will give a stimulus to British export trade at a time when it may badly need one. Last month's trade figures were bad. In comparison with a year ago, imports in April were down by 11 per cent. and exports were 13 per cent. lower. Coupled with declining steel output, and a 24 per cent. drop in the April figure of building plans passed, the contraction of foreign trade this year points to a definite worsening of the recession. It will take more than a few millions of Turkish contracts—welcome as they may be—to reverse the trend. It is, none the less, sound policy (which might well be further developed) for Britain to render all possible financial assistance under present circumstances to countries whose friendship in an emergency would stand us in good stead.

* * *

The French Defence Loan of Frs. 5,000 million was quickly subscribed last week, but the Czech crisis was responsible for considerable selling pressure against the franc, and the authorities in Paris had to part with some gold in order to steady the exchange rate at 179. Offerings of forward francs in the market have again increased, and the rate for one month's forward delivery has been at a slight discount over the spot rate. It has to be remembered that the Treasury's requirements have not been by any means yet covered. Allowing for the proceeds of the new taxes imposed by the first batch of M. Daladier's decrees, something like Frs. 45,000 millions had to be raised; and when the five milliards from the Defence Loan, eight milliards borrowed from the Bank of France and a similar sum borrowed from the market on short term are deducted, there remains a cash deficiency of Frs. 24,000 million still to be financed. It was prudent to limit the first tranche of the Defence Loan to the manageable sum of under £30 millions; but if the further issues which will be needed are to be placed as successfully as the first, reflux of capital to France will have to proceed in greater volume than is the case now that the first rush of profit snatching has subsided. Several Paris banks have been offering the Defence Loan at a discount of 1¼ per cent., thus forfeiting almost the whole of the 1½ per cent. commission allowed to banking institutions who "retail" State issues. The Bourse has been depressed not merely by the international situation, but by M. Daladier's delay in getting to grips with the knotty problem of the 40-hour week. The permissive partial relaxation enacted in this week's fresh batch of decrees did not satisfy the market; and the public works programme was viewed with a critical eye.

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Chairman: The Rt. Hon. C. A. McCurdy, K.C.
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MANSION HOUSE 5467

McN.1610/3

Company Meeting

LONDON COUNTY FREEHOLD AND LEASEHOLD PROPERTIES

ANOTHER SATISFACTORY YEAR

The annual ordinary general meeting of the London County Freehold and Leasehold Properties, Limited, was held on 25th May at 114-116, Park Street, London, W.

Mr. Thos. J. Cullen (vice-chairman and managing director) presided in the absence through indisposition of the chairman, Sir William Burton, and moved the adoption of the directors' report which stated that the net revenue for the year was £396,101, compared with £392,470 for the previous year. The directors recommended a final dividend of 4% and a bonus of 1%, making the total distribution to the ordinary stockholders 11% for the year. It was the eighth successive year the total ordinary stock dividend and bonus had been maintained at that rate. The surplus revenue had steadily increased to the present figure of £94,756. After payment of the proposed final dividend and bonus and making the necessary reserve for N.D.C., the surplus of assets over all liabilities, including preference and ordinary stock, was £1,555,391.

The income from flats let at inclusive rentals for varying terms of years must of necessity suffer the incidence of increased outgoings until the rents could be adjusted and, in view of the substantially increased burdens which property let at inclusive rents now had to bear, the result of the year's work was, in the opinion of the directors, satisfactory. Unrest of whatever kind had its effect in diminishing the number of prospective tenants willing to enter into relatively long-term commitments, yet the percentage of void flats had remained constantly less than at any corresponding period since 1932, until the increased National anxiety of the last few weeks of the financial year had spoilt that fine record. Nevertheless, their void percentage at the 31st March last was still lower than the average percentage at that date for the past six years.

The lack of a central inquiry bureau in a prominent position where those interested might obtain detailed information about Key flats had prevented the fullest benefit accruing from their general advertising. They had acquired the site of Nos. 421/429, Oxford Street, opposite Selfridges. Their architects had prepared a plan and specification that would result on completion in the provision of a really outstanding and efficiently planned building.

Their properties were maintained in first-class condition for earning a permanent and reliable income.

The report was unanimously adopted.

Company Meeting

ODHAMS PRESS

The Eighteenth Annual General Meeting of Odhams Press, Limited, was held on May 26 in London. The Rt. Hon. Lord Southwood of Fernhurst (Chairman and Managing Director) said (in part):—

The profit for the year amounted to £340,192, as compared to £351,553 for the previous year, a reduction of £11,361. This was chiefly due to the disturbance of trade consequent upon the Coronation celebrations. The reduction of £42,700 in the trading profit must be taken in conjunction with the increase of £25,100 in dividends and interest receivable, which in effect, represent trading profits derived from Subsidiary Companies.

The Debenture Stock shows an increase of £100,000. Creditors, including Bills Payable, show an increase of approximately £103,000, which is chiefly to be accounted for by £38,000 which has to be provided for additional Inland Revenue charges, and £44,000 balances due on trading accounts with our Subsidiary Companies. General Reserve of £459,611 shows an increase of £9,611. It is proposed to transfer to General Reserve £40,388 out of the profits of the year under review. The General Reserve will then stand at the sum of £500,000.

The Chairman reviewed the balance sheet in detail and continued:—

With regard to Odhams (Watford) Limited, the programme of extension has had to be extended to enable that Company to handle the large volume of work available. An issue of capital will be made shortly in order to finance these extensions to the factory and to the plant of that Company. It is intended that preferential opportunities to subscribe will be offered to the Shareholders of all the Odhams Group.

After dealing with their properties, the Chairman said: The Directors have recommended a dividend on the Ordinary Shares at the rate of 12½ per cent. per annum of which 5 per cent. has already been paid. In view of the uncertainty of world conditions, the Directors have thought it wise to make this somewhat smaller distribution for the year under review.

There are indications of a surplus of raw materials used in the manufacture of paper, with the result that there is little likelihood of any further increase in the cost of paper in 1939.

As you know, the general economic and trading condition of the country, as of the outside world, is disturbed. It is hoped that this is only a temporary phase and that when the European outlook is more settled there will be a considerable improvement in trading, in which your Company will share.

After expressing his appreciation to the Board and staff, the Chairman moved the adoption of the report and dividend resolution which were unanimously carried.

Company Meeting

BEECHAMS PILLS, LIMITED

MR. PHILIP E. HILL'S SPEECH

The tenth ordinary general meeting of Beechams Pills, Ltd., was held in London on May 26th.

Mr. Philip E. Hill, (Chairman), presided, and said (in part):—

The profit of £600,908, although a record in the company's history and an increase over that of last year of £59,498, is disappointing in so far as the home sales are concerned. This is attributable entirely to the exceptionally mild winter experienced, and the adverse effect it has had on the sale of the company's seasonal products. Under normal conditions the profits should have been greater. The result of the export business, however, is most encouraging and shows an increase of more than £20,000.

In passing, it may interest you to know that some 90 years ago the business of Beechams Pills was founded by the late Thomas Beecham, who conducted his business, among other things, with the aid of a large umbrella in some of the market places of England, and to-day the Beecham factory at St. Helens produces over 11,000,000 pills per week, and this is entirely apart from the production of the Beecham factories in different parts of the world. This is a striking tribute to the curative value of the product. Our latest effort is in the two-anna pack, which will be marketed in India during this year.

The directors have continued their policy of extensive advertising.

Our development fund is still fathering new products and our overseas trade. The directors recommend again bringing this reserve up to £100,000.

The new laboratory at the Royal Northern Hospital has now been completed and was opened by H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester in October last.

The company owns and markets the following proprietary articles:—Beechams Pills, Beechams Powders, Beechams Lung Syrup, Cassell's Tablets, Veno's Lightning Cough Cure, Cicfa, Dinneford's Magnesia and Tablets, Germolene Ointment and Soap, Holloway's Pills and Ointment, Iron Jelloids, Lactopeptine, Nicocin, Phensic, Phosferine, Ashton and Parsons Baby Powders, Phyllosan, Sherley's Dog and Cat Foods and Medicines, Yeast-Vite Tablets, Amami Shampoos and other products.

You will probably like me to say something about the future trading prospects. I will content myself by saying that our business was never so well organised or served by such an excellent and enthusiastic staff as at present. Ours is a business of the people, and it is reasonable to anticipate still further expansion.

The proposed bonus issue of Preference shares, redeemed at average periods over the next ten years, will require, with the premium on redemption, an additional sum of £45,000 annually. This should be provided without imposing difficulties on the company in continuing the payment of a dividend of 85 per cent., provided, of course, that unforeseen events outside the control of your Board do not arise, and I am sure you will all join me in hoping that they will not. Your directors are of opinion that it would be of enormous value to our business if more of our customers could have a financial interest in our company and so benefit by its prosperity. Our existing 5s. Deferred shares fluctuate in price during a year between say 50s. and 65s. a figure beyond the means of the small investor, who constitutes the backbone of our business. Your directors are exploring every channel to see whether it is not possible to devise a scheme whereby an interest in your company could not be offered in a unit with a market purchase price around 5s. I would not be misunderstood. No fresh issue of capital for cash is contemplated, and if a scheme is devised, it will be submitted to every shareholder for approval. Your directors have felt for a long time past that the the present share capital of the company did not represent the intrinsic value of the assets. Accordingly they have revalued, with the assistance of Messrs. Price Waterhouse and Co., the investments in our subsidiary companies, with the result that Messrs. Price Waterhouse and Co., have advised the company that the value of such investments was not less than £2,500,000 and the value of such investments has accordingly been placed at that figure and the increase in value placed to a capital reserve account. From this capital reserve account you will observe that the sum of £300,000 has been transferred to general reserve and you have received notices convening the necessary meetings to capitalise this sum immediately into Five per Cent. Redeemable Cumulative Preference shares of £1 each, which it is proposed to issue as a bonus credited as fully paid to the holders of Deferred shares in this company, in the proportion of one such £1 share for each four Deferred shares of 5s. each at present held. These shares will be redeemed by the company out of profits on or before the 31st March, 1949, or by yearly drawings at 22s. per share.

The chairman then dealt at length with resolutions relating to the conversion of the 8 per cent. Cumulative Participating Preferred shares of £1 to 10 per cent. Cumulative Preferred shares and the increase of the company's capital to £2,600,000, which were to be voted upon, later, at special meetings.

In conclusion, I think you have all every reason to be grateful for the results that have been achieved during the past year, and, in addition, we should be happy to know that we possess a business which to-day is stronger than it ever has been, and under ordinary conditions should continue to make increasing profits both in this country and in other parts of the world.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted and a vote of thanks accorded the Chairman, Directors and Staff. At the subsequent meetings the capital proposals were approved.

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